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The Nation.

August 16/23, 1986 $1.25; U.K. 65p

EDITORIAL

THE OIL PERPLEX

The politics of oil is not strained. It perplexes the low and the mighty and causes comparable contradictions to all who play the field. The glut of recent years has brought fiscal disaster to Texas, social instability to Mexico and enormous popularity to the Reagan Administration, which is riding high on the oil-driven deflationary spiral. The scarcity of the 1970s laid liberalism low in America and helped bring down Jimmy Carter, while feeding the money markets and raising the global debt pyramid. There is little in the political economy of the world that is not significantly touched by the petroleum business. American foreign and military policy, trade imbalances, capitalist competition, developments in Israel, South Africa, Afghanistan, Iran, Iraq and Libya—all are in some measure responsive to the price of petroleum.

OPEC's recent decision "in principle" to cut oil production by 20 percent, and thus drive the price per barrel up to as much as twice its current low level, is as perplexing and contradictory a development as any the cartel has set in motion. If effective—which is by no means guaranteed—the move could boost the economy of the American Southwest and at the same time produce inflation, higher interest rates and the next recession. It could get the United States and Western Europe out of one serious jam by making it easier for oil-producing Third World countries to repay their debts and buy more goods and services, and throw the industrialized world into another jam by driving oil-consuming nations into bankruptcy.

We may never know how OPEC's decision was made, what role the United States and its oil-producing giants played, what global deals were cut in the name of power and profits. There is no democracy in oil politics, which makes the perplexities and contradictions that much harder to bear.

REHNQUIST'S AMERICA
Herman Schwartz

MEIR KAHANE
Christopher Hitchens

FEMINISTS AND FAMILIES
Noreen Connell

THEODORE ROSENGARTEN
Barbara Jeanne Fields

MOTOWN SOUND
George De Stefano

BEAR POLITICS FOR THE 80s

WHAT IS WILD AND WHAT IS NATURAL?

WILBUR WOOD

Roundup, Montana

In spring the bears wake up and burrow out of their dens into air and light, and soon the newspapers fill up with bear stories. It's natural. Bears are hungry and on the move for food.

When bears roamed the High Plains, east of the Rocky Mountains—in particular the great bear *Ursus arctos horribilis*, the grizzly—they were attracted in spring to rivers like the Missouri and the Yellowstone. At fording places, where the vast bison and elk herds crossed, many elk and bison would drown and be washed downstream to pile up somewhere, bloated and ripe; there the bears would gather and feast.

Opportunists, bears at different times of year are vegetarians or carnivores, depending on what is available. They will graze on fresh green shoots of grasses and leaves, will pluck wild berries, will prune apple trees on abandoned homestead orchards. Bears will plunge into anthills, into beetle-infested logs, into squirrel-caches of pine nuts. Bears are known to stalk and kill young lambs or calves they find in their territory.

After they were driven off the plains to remote places like the high, forested plateau that is now Yellowstone National Park, the grizzlies would assemble each night at hotel garbage dumps in and around the park. Theodore Roosevelt wrote about watching bears feast on lettuce and potato peelings and other food scraps rejected by human beings. For nearly a century—the park was created in 1872—this was nightly entertainment for many visitors to Yellowstone.

No more. The National Park Service terminated this practice in the 1960s. By 1971 all

(*Continued on Page 112*)

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LETTERS.

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN?

New York City

Robert Sherrill's carefully documented article of June 7, "The Golden Years of an Ex-Nazi," describes the prominent role that Arthur Rudolph, a notorious German war criminal brought here after 1945 in violation of U.S. immigration law and a specific order from President Truman, played in American missile research and production.

What is behind this dismal story? An answer was given by one of Rudolph's colleagues, Walter Dornberger, an ex-general who made a similarly successful career in the United States. In 1932, Dornberger put a 20-year-old genius, Werner von Braun, in charge of rocket development for the German Army. As reported in Jack Manno's book *Arming the Heavens*, on March 27, 1939, Dornberger and von Braun demonstrated to Hitler the rockets under development at Peenemunde. In 1942, Dornberger, now head of the *Wehrmacht*'s rocket division, suggested to Hitler the production of an aerospace glide bomber that could hit New York City. Shortly after Dornberger became a consultant to the U.S. Air Force, in 1947, the Air Force started work on his project known as NABS (nuclear-armed bombardment satellites) to build a system of satellites orbiting in space that could fire nuclear arms on command from earth. It also took under study Dornberger's BAMBI (ballistic missile boost intercept) project, envisaging satellites from which antiballistic missiles could be launched automatically from space. In the early 1950s, Dornberger became a vice president of Bell Aeronautics Corporation and, together with Werner von Braun, an influential advocate of space-war preparations. On June 6, 1958, *The New York Times* reported that he told a meeting of the American National Missile Industries what animated him. "Gentlemen," he said, "I didn't come to this country to lose the Third World War—I lost two."

There are several ominous aspects of this macabre humor: the German ex-general correctly surmised that the assembled American industrialists would accept his implication that in the nuclear World War III, fought partly in outer space, America would side with Germany and not, as it had mistakenly done in World War II, with the Soviet Union. Perhaps even more remarkable is the fact that the publication of his depraved witticism in *The Times* failed to cause any public indignation.

Sherrill is correct in concluding that even cutting off Arthur Rudolph's American pension (and the prevention of payment of such pensions to other war criminals), paltry as it would be, considering the evil they have done, "would be more than has been done in forty years." Yet it must be realized not only that some of Hitler's scientists have been among the leading exponents of nuclear and space war but that preparations for nuclear and space war are a direct continuation of Hitler's war. It was Hitler's known disposition that compelled Albert Einstein, that most benign of humans, to counsel for the production of the atomic bomb; and it was Hitler's conduct during the war that habituated the world to dimensions of cruelty never before conceived. Those experiences have so affected the technological, military and political thinking that the black art of death-dealing is being "perfected" in a manner that dwarfs even Hitler's diabolic intentions. It is imperative for the world finally to break the spell of Hitler's curse.

John H.E. Fried

The writer was the special legal consultant to the judges of the U.S. War Crimes Tribunals, Nuremberg.

EQUAL TREATMENT

Los Angeles

Kai Bird and Max Holland's column about the Garland case ["Capitol Letter," July 5/12] lists the American Civil Liberties Union among the organizations that have criticized the California statute requiring employers to provide up to four months of unpaid leave for women disabled by pregnancy or childbirth as "special treatment for women."

For the record, the A.C.L.U. of Southern California strongly disagrees with the national A.C.L.U. Our seventy-member board of directors unanimously endorsed the position that the statute promotes sexual equality in the workplace by enabling most working women, like working men, to exercise their fundamental right to become parents without losing their jobs.

Contrary to the national A.C.L.U.'s argument, the statute does not reflect "an ideology which values women most highly for their childbearing and nurturing roles." Nor does it provide a "special benefit" for women workers. Instead, the statute recognizes the simple biological fact that virtually all women—but no men—must undergo pregnancy and childbirth to exercise their right of procreative choice. Inadequate disability-leave policies do not deter men from becoming parents or force them to choose between keeping their jobs and having children. That is a special burden that only women bear. In ameliorating it, the California statute furthers true equality of employment opportunity for working women.

Critics of the statute disregard the reality of most women's lives. Even more troubling, they legitimize simplistic notions of formal equality at a time when feminists need to explore, delineate and advocate substantive equality between women and men.

We do agree with the national A.C.L.U. on one point: parental-nurturing leave, as opposed to pregnancy-disability leave, should be provided on an equal basis for both sexes. Although Bird and Holland obscured it, the distinction between pregnancy leave and parental leave is clear. Only women bear children; either parent (preferably both) can raise and nurture them. The law should respond selectively and intelligently to these disparate truths. That is what equal treatment really means.

Mary Ellen Gale
President, A.C.L.U. of Southern California

'INTRAMURAL QUARREL'

Bronx, N.Y.

In periods of political despair, it is only natural that progressives exercise their wits on one another [Michael Harrington, "Progressive Economics for 1988," May 3; Fred Block, Richard A. Cloward, Barbara Ehrenreich and Frances Fox Piven, "The Trouble With Full Employment," May 17]. In Reagan's America the prospects for high employment and a more humane social services agenda are equally bleak. I have yet to identify those on the left so obsessed with jobs that they have failed to defend our tattered welfare state. When/if the winds of change shift to the left, I rather suspect that my friends and I, wherever we locate ourselves in this harmless, unnoticed intramural quarrel over the relative priorities of employment and welfare, will be happy to reunite in definition and promotion of measures that create new and better jobs *and* edge the United States in the direction of Sweden and West Germany in such matters as child care, job protection and health.

Robert Lekachman

BORGES'S FAREWELL

New York City

I was moved by Christopher Hitchens's unsentimental tribute to Jorge Luis Borges ["Minority Report," June 28]. The old bard may not have been a political person, and he certainly failed to see through the Argentine generals at the beginning, but at least at the end of his life, when I had the honor of working with him briefly at E.P. Dutton, he was anything but deluded. I will never forget one of his last farewell messages to me, delivered over the telephone as he made ready to take the plane to Europe or Buenos Aires (86 and blind, he was an indefatigable traveler): "Sir, I am a poet, an anarchist and a cosmopolitan. Nationalism is the greatest curse of the modern world."

Paul De Angelis

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Manuscripts: All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes.

Publisher, Hamilton Fish 3rd

Associate Publisher, David Parker; *Advertising Director,* Chris Calhoun; *Business Manager,* Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeepers,* Tanveer Mall, Ivor A. Richardson; *Art/Production Manager,* Jane Sharples; *Circulation Director,* Stephen W. Soule; *Director of Development and Publicity,* Micah L. Sifry; *Subscription Manager,* Cookee V. Klein; *Assistant Advertising Manager,* Neil Black; *Receptionist,* Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk,* John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary,* Shirley Sulat; *Production,* Terry Miller; *Typography,* Randall Cherry, Mitchel Cohen, Richard Snyder; *Nation Associates Director,* Nancy Bacher; *Nation News Service,* Jeff Sorensen; *Publishing Consultant,* Phillip Frazer.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by The Nation Company, Inc. Directors: Arthur Carter, Hamilton Fish 3rd, Victor Navasky. © 1986 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (212) 242-8400. *Washington Bureau:* Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington, DC 20002. (202) 546-2239. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION. Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: *The Nation,* Box 1953, Marion, OH 43305. *Subscription Price:* One year, $45; two years, $81. Add $7 per year for postage in Canada, Mexico; $13 per year for other foreign. Claims for missed issues must be made within 60 days (120 days foreign) of publication date. **Please allow 6-8 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Back issues $3 prepaid ($4 foreign) from: *The Nation,* 72 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. *The Nation* is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

EDITORIALS.

Hiding History

Anyone who watched the televised Senate Judiciary Committee hearings on the nomination of William Rehnquist as Chief Justice of the United States had to be impressed with the performance of James Brosnahan and the other witnesses who refused to fold under Senator Orrin Hatch's bullying. They gave a vivid account of Rehnquist's attempt to intimidate voters in black and Hispanic precincts in Phoenix in the early 1960s, something he has consistently denied.

We are proud of the role played by our sister institution, The Nation Institute, in the examination of Rehnquist's record. As witness Brosnahan explained, his participation in the hearings had been set in motion when he was interviewed by Sandy Tolan and Carol Ann Bassett, two reporters hired by the institute's Supreme Court Watch project, which has been compiling information on potential nominees to the high court for a year and a half, under the direction of Emily Sack. The Senate will now have a chance to evaluate Rehnquist's exquisite denials of the charges of minority voter intimidation. Senators did not have that opportunity in 1971, when an attempt to extend the hearings on Rehnquist's nomination as an Associate Justice, in order to obtain more information, was aborted. The leaders of the Senate Judiciary Committee at the time not only ignored the reports of voter harassment but let Rehnquist duck an in-

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vestigation of his career as Assistant Attorney General from 1969 to 1971 by claiming lawyer-client privilege.

The current Senate Judiciary Committee seems to be more interested than its 1971 incarnation in discovering just who is being asked to lead the Supreme Court. Two Republican Senators joined Democrats in demanding to see papers relating to Rehnquist's tenure at the Justice Department—including documents on the surveillance and arrests of antiwar protesters, the Kent State killings, wiretapping and the investigation of Daniel Ellsberg. After claiming executive privilege—a doctrine that Nixon had invoked with Rehnquist's counsel—the Administration eventually gave in and released some of them. Indications are that the twenty-five documents released to the Senate represent only a fraction of Rehnquist's output at Justice and that the most damaging material may still be locked up with the rest of Richard Nixon's papers in the National Archives.

According to Mark Perry, who has been conducting research on Rehnquist for Supreme Court Watch, sources have indentified "at least 320" Rehnquist memorandums in the Nixon papers, which are not covered under the agreement between the Senate committee and the Administration. The only way of discovering how many of those documents duplicate what is in the Justice Department files is for the committee to obtain them—either through negotiation or by subpoena—and to read them.

The continued sequestering of the Nixon papers is a national shame. (Only the Watergate tapes are open to the public.) Since 1974 the National Archives and Records Administration has been attempting to draft regulations under which materials from the papers could be released. They have been stymied by suits by Nixon and others who are mentioned in the papers, and by the Reagan Administration. When Nixon's challenge was heard by the Supreme Court in 1977, Rehnquist, despite the high office he held in the Nixon Administration, declined to recuse himself, and voted on Nixon's side. Executive privilege may be validly claimed to protect the confidentiality of communications to the President, but as columnist David Broder wrote in *The Washington Post*, "The Rehnquist memos to Nixon and Attorney General John Mitchell are historical documents now." The Senate Judiciary Committee has the responsibility to absorb the lessons of this history—to learn what William Rehnquist did and when he did it.

Rehnquist's America

What kind of nation would we have if Justice William Rehnquist's vision of the Constitution became law? One way to tell is by analyzing his many dissents from Supreme Court decisions. In more than fifty of those cases, a record number, he dissented alone.

Rehnquist has said more than once that he thinks the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, which bars discrimination by public officials, was intended to protect only racial and perhaps ethnic minorities. No other Justice in recent memory has shared that view, for unlike the Fifteenth Amendment and various laws enacted just after the Civil War that explicitly mention race, nothing in the text of the amendment or the history of its passage supports Rehnquist's reading.

It follows from Rehnquist's thesis that victims of deliberate discrimination who are not members of a racial minority have no recourse under the Constitution so long as the reason given for their treatment is not, as he puts it, "patently arbitrary or irrational." In practice, this means that it is virtually impossible to stop discrimination against women and homosexuals. Using his "patently arbitrary" test, Rehnquist alone among the Justices would allow states to force pregnant teachers to take unpaid leave five months before their due date, regardless of their ability to work; he would not care if servicewomen have a tougher time getting support allotments for their spouses than servicemen; he would look the other way at many gender-based inequities in the social security laws. He has also heaped scorn on the Court's decision, in *Craig v. Boren* (1976), that men are entitled to be free from gender discrimination.

In a nation where Rehnquist's views prevailed, illegitimate children would be denied the right to financial support from their fathers, the right to inherit equally with other children, to share in their fathers' workmen's compensation recoveries, and to obtain child welfare and parental disability benefits. Since he joined it in 1971, the Court has frequently removed some of the burdens imposed on such children—often over Rehnquist's sole dissent.

And how would life be for aliens? In a dozen cases, he has not once voted in favor of aliens, although the Court has upheld their claims eight times. He would allow a state to deny a resident alien a civil service job as a typist or a janitor, the right to become a lawyer or engineer or notary public, and the right to financial aid for higher education. He even supported Texas in its refusal to provide any education at all for the children of illegal aliens.

Rehnquist is the only Justice who did not find against Maricopa County, Arizona, for denying vital medical care to new residents, or against the Federal government for denying food stamps to households in which one of the members is not a blood relative of the others. He is also the only Justice who would have freed Arkansas from the obligation to improve some of the worst prison conditions in our history.

In all these cases, Rehnquist has expounded a unique philosophy of jurisprudence. Most courts hold that in cases of alleged economic discrimination by public agencies, the defense need only show a plausible reason for its actions. The reason need not be the most important explanation for the accused discriminator's behavior; it need only be rational. For example, a local government could claim that providing some benefits to employees was too expensive. The courts do not apply this reasoning in areas where there is a history of discrimination, as in the case of blacks. Rehnquist, however, would apply the use of the "plausible reason" standard far beyond the relatively narrow economic confines to which

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most courts now restrict it. As he sees it, discrimination against women—or aliens or illegitimate children—can be excused if any rational explanation for it, however flimsy, can be produced.

In Rehnquist's vision of America, religious freedom also takes some strange twists. Since coming to the Court, he has participated in twenty cases that involved issues of church-state separation, and six that involved a claim that the right to practice one's religion freely was being threatened. Two terms ago, Rehnquist announced that he thinks the Court's approach in the first group of cases is fundamentally wrong. As he sees it, the Constitution was meant not to raise a wall of separation between church and state but only to prevent preference for one religion over another. Thus, the state can favor religion over nonreligion, permitting direct state aid to religious institutions as long as it goes to all religions.

In dissent, often alone, Rehnquist has voted to allow the states to provide almost every kind of financial or other support for parochial schools, including tuition grants, tax deductions, the loan of public school teachers, payment of parochial school instructors in some courses and reimbursement for the expenses of state-required record-keeping and testing. He has also voted to allow schools to require a moment of silence for prayer and to require the hanging of religious symbols, such as a poster with the Ten Commandments, in classrooms.

Rehnquist has not been too worried about state interference with the free exercise of religion. He alone would have allowed Texas to deny a Black Muslim prisoner a reasonable opportunity to practice his religion, and he alone would have allowed Indiana to deny unemployment benefits to a Jehovah's Witness who had refused to work on armaments for religious reasons.

What would our schools look like if Rehnquist had his way? Where Northern school desegregation is concerned, Rehnquist seems to oppose anything more than the freedom of choice plans that the Supreme Court unanimously struck down as subterfuges in 1968. After he got to the Court, Rehnquist made it clear that he disagreed with that decision and he has opposed almost every school desegregation order that the Court has issued since 1971.

These are but a few of the cases in which Rehnquist's views, were they to become law, would deny someone's claim of right. There are many more. Senators must ask themselves whether the holder of such a vision of the Constitution should preside not only over the Supreme Court but over the entire Federal judiciary.

HERMAN SCHWARTZ

Houses We Live In

The June 5 House vote to cut off all funds for the construction of new public housing is alarming. The conventional wisdom, as conveyed by *The New York Times*, is that the vote in favor of H.R.1, the Housing Act of 1986, indicated a "growing feeling in Congress, among liberals as well as conservatives, that the billions of dollars spent on public housing over the years have failed to provide the nation's poor with decent places to live." The reality is quite different.

Every responsible study of the subject made recently has shown that the 1.2 million public housing apartments across the nation do a good job of sheltering low-income families at a comparatively modest cost. In 1984, Rachel Bratt, a housing policy specialist at Tufts University, concluded: "The widespread image of public housing as an outright failure is erroneous. . . . It is the only federal subsidy program that produces housing for a very low income and difficult to house population." A 1981 staff report to the House Appropriations Committee said that despite the attention given to rundown units, most of the nation's public housing was in good condition.

In New York City, which has more than 175,000 such apartments, public housing has been a success. Every unit built in the city since 1934 is still in operation, still providing decent housing for a low-income family. And most residents are still the working poor. The population that needs housing assistance in the city is far larger than now lives in the projects. The Housing Authority's waiting list of more than 200,000 families would be far longer if families could realistically hope to get in. With the turnover rate in public housing now at 3.2 percent and very little new construction taking place, the cutoff of funding will mean the end of all hope for these people.

News stories on the problem of the homeless always mention the "shortage of affordable low-income housing." In the last two years, New York has received allocations for the construction of exactly 368 public housing apartments—176 in 1984, and 192 in 1985. The entire annual national allocation of 5,000 units could have been swallowed up by New York alone without making an appreciable dent in its waiting list. Yet the same legislators who have shut the door on public housing, with the honorable exception of the New York delegation, will be publicly pious about providing shelter for the often too-visible homeless. Who's kidding whom?

And that is not the only fraud. H.R.1 will supposedly apply funds for new housing to the rehabilitation of existing housing. In order for the funds to be rerouted, however, the appropriation for the Comprehensive Improvement Assistance Program, already approved by Congress, must be raised. With Congress in a budget-cutting mood, this is unlikely to happen. What the bill really does is freeze the money and place it in limbo.

H.R.1 is the Reagan Administration's way of telling New York to drop dead. It allegedly allocates funds to make vacant apartments habitable again. But because there are very few vacant public housing apartments in New York, what will be the city's portion? The Administration's policy that families must pay 30 percent of their income for rent, no matter how much they make, has already pushed out many working families, the very people public housing was created to assist. The Administration is forcing public housing into doing what its hostile critics have always accused it of—"warehousing" the poor.

It may or may not be true that you can't solve problems by throwing money at them, but it is certainly true that you can't make problems disappear by pretending they are not

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there. Cutting off funds for public housing will not dissolve the need for it. Public housing programs may be flawed, but they are a proven means of providing shelter for hard-pressed families and stabilizing our communities. For the government of the United States to abandon the many citizens dependent on it is beneath contempt.

EMANUEL P. POPOLIZIO

Emanuel P. Popolizio is chair of the New York City Housing Authority.

UNCIVIL LIBERTIES.

CALVIN TRILLIN

A newspaper headline I've had on my bulletin board since early this summer says, "REAGAN IS TOLD OF NORWEGIAN WHALING INFRACTIONS." I didn't actually read the story that went with it. I seem to be doing more and more of that these days—saving the headline and not bothering to read the story. I sort of slipped into the habit, I suppose, when I began to realize that the stories weren't really measuring up.

It's almost certain, for instance, that what followed "REAGAN IS TOLD OF NORWEGIAN WHALING INFRACTIONS"—what I think of as the off-the-rack story—was a letdown. When the headline sounds that intriguing, I find that I prefer to keep it around and sort of customize some stories to go with it.

Of course, some headlines that are interesting in themselves aren't really suitable for custom-made stories. Several years ago, for instance, a friend of mine sent me a photocopy of a headline that said, "TWENTY-ONE MILLION AMERICANS HAVE NO TEETH AT ALL." I can't imagine where it came from. My friend has odd tastes; for all I know he might subscribe to a weekly paper devoted to news of the denture industry.

I kept the headline on my bulletin board for a while, but I was never tempted to make up stories to go with it. It seemed to be a story in itself. I figured that my friend had sent it as a handy device for cheering me up anytime I was in a low mood. I think he wanted me to feel that when the cares of the world were too much with me—when I started worrying about the threat of the bomb and the age of my furnace and the damage being done by acid rain and the possibility that someday all movies will be Sylvester Stallone movies or Arnold Schwarzenegger movies—I could simply look at the headline on my bulletin board. Then I'd say, "Well, at least I have all my own teeth."

"REAGAN IS TOLD OF NORWEGIAN WHALING INFRACTIONS," though, allows for any number of stories. For a while, I thought of the story as a sort of gossip item written by one of those Washington reporters who specializes in making the rounds of diplomatic receptions and high-level dinner parties:

> At a White House dinner last night, President Reagan made a graceful little after-dinner speech about the value of doing the right thing. He used as an example an American who finally decided to risk his life to help the Resistance during World War II—an American named Rick who operated a bar in Vichy-controlled Casablanca. The Norwegian Ambassador to the United States was so moved that he confessed that he has been keeping a whale, the national animal of Norway, at his official residence in the Washington suburbs, in contravention of the animal-control ordinances of Bethesda. The President told him not to give it another thought, and then went on to tell a story about how, in the days before bloated government had ensnarled the American people in red tape like animal-control ordinances, a plucky little girl from the state of Kansas ignored complaints about her little dog, Toto, although both were later picked up by a tornado and blown away into a strange land.

Then I thought the headline might go with one of those human-interest stories that often come out about the President:

> Ronald Reagan, a storyteller of considerable reputation, admitted that he was one-upped yesterday during a ceremony honoring NATO fleet commanders. After the President told some stories about hijinks on the MGM lot in the 1940s, Adm. Lars Kulleseid of the Royal Norwegian Navy told of a prank during his naval cadet days: while the academy superintendent was away on a short trip, a dozen enterprising cadets managed to place a Beluga whale in his parlor. The President said, "Well, that beats all."

Lately, though, it has occurred to me that the story might have more to do with the substantive issues of government. I see a meeting of some of the President's top advisers, right in the Oval Office. Pat Buchanan is talking to Donald Regan. "We've got to tell him something," Buchanan says, gesturing toward the President, who is sitting at his desk. "Why don't we tell him about the farm problem?"

"I hate to wake him up just for that," Regan says.

"He is awake," Ed Meese says. "I just saw him wink and grin and give the thumbs-up sign."

"Well, let's tell him about the deficit," James Baker says.

"You know he doesn't want to hear about the deficit," Regan says. "The last time I tried to bring it up he told me that story again about the welfare mother who picks up her check in a Cadillac. I think if he tells me that story one more time I'm going to defect."

"We've got to tell him something," Larry Speakes says. "I can't keep telling these reporters that the President is being briefed if we never tell him anything."

"Gentlemen," Buchanan says, "I think I've got it." He rummages around in the bottom of his briefcase, picks up a slim file and walks to the President's desk.

"Mr. President," he says, rather formally, "Norwegians have committed whaling infractions."

The President winks and grins and gives the thumbs-up sign.

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Jerusalem

I wouldn't say that a morning spent with Rabbi Meir Kahane was exactly an enlightening experience, but it was certainly an educational one. Kahane possesses a horrid energy. Over the past year he has survived numerous clumsy attempts to silence him and to circumscribe his party. These measures have included a stupid bureaucratic challenge to his U.S. passport, a pretty obvious ban by Israeli television and radio, and a bill against racism in the Knesset that was so diluted by the religious and right-wing parties that Kahane voted for it. On all this harassment Kahane thrives, enjoying the controversy and addressing rallies five nights of the week.

The annual survey of Israeli opinion, which is carefully carried out by the magazine *Monitin*, was published in May. It showed that only 46 percent of the population found the views of Kahane and his Kach Party "totally unacceptable." Of the remainder, 23 percent found the Kach program "mistaken in general but partly right"; 17 percent found it correct in general but partly wrong; and 6 percent agreed with Kahane outright. (In the last election Kahane gained a parliamentary seat with 1.2 percent of the vote.) The writer of the *Monitin* report, Eliyahu Hassin, concludes that the political message of Kach is "supported in full or partially by 23 percent of the adult Jewish population, spread among all social groups." This, he says, "we must assume is the scope of potential support for Israeli fascism, which need not necessarily be represented in the future only by a dubious rabbi of American origins and a gang of revolting hooligans."

In conversation, the object of all this obloquy does not rave or babble. His madness lies only in his logic, which is cool and vicious. He, too, distinguishes Kahane from Kahanism. "I get the applause," he says, "when I tell them, 'I say what you think.'" There is clearly a latent audience for his view that "the Arab problem and the Sabbath problem are the same."

"Judaism is a totality and can never recognize the separation of synagogue and state," he says. "We need a state based on Judaism; a Jewish state and not a state of Jews."

Now it is a fact that despite a torrent of criticism and outrage from liberal Zionists in Israel and America, Kahane has never been condemned or disowned by the rabbinate. I can't test his claim, made to me in coversation, that the Orthodox leadership has privately assured him of its sympathy. That is the sort of thing that demagogues say. But one cannot fail to notice the utter silence of the chief rabbis about his proposal for mass expulsion of Arabs and enforced conformity for Jews. And because Kach is a religious party, it can easily make nonsense of any "bill against racism" by quoting the relevant sections of Holy Writ.

A lurid manifestation of Kahanism without Kahane was proferred just before I met the man himself by Rabbi Shmuel Derlich. Rabbi Derlich is the Israeli army's chief chaplain in Judea and Samaria, and had sent the troops in his area a 1,000-word pastoral letter in which he urged them to apply the biblical injunction to exterminate the Amalekites to the last man, woman and child. The letter went unremarked until it was challenged by the army's chief education officer, who demanded to know Rabbi Derlich's working definition of Amalekite. The rabbi disingenuously replied that the Germans would be a good latter-day example. So he had only been urging the Israeli soldiers to kill all Germans—a people conspicuous by their absence from the Bible and from the West Bank of the Jordan River. The matter was referred to the Judge Advocate General, who ruled that Derlich had committed no offense. This was also the view of no less than forty military chaplains who came to his support in public.

Kahane is, if anything, more moderate. He told me with unblinking seriousness that he did not think there were any Amalekites these days, adding that of course if there were, the commandment to extirpate them would be valid. While I reeled from this, he hurried on to say that Kach did not want to kill the Palestinians, only to make them clear out from Eretz Israel. They may stay on two conditions: either they convert, according to Halacha law and with no Reform or Conservative nonsense; or they abandon all civil rights and remain as hewers of wood and drawers of water. (The actual words of his proposed law stipulate that "a foreign resident must accept the burden of taxes and servitude.")

It's been pointed out often enough that Kahane-type scriptural propaganda is racist and potentially genocidal so far as it concerns the Arabs. But it occurred to me as we talked that before he could get at the Arabs he would have to settle accounts with many, many Jews. He agreed to this as soon as I raised it, claiming that his left-wing enemies wanted a civil war in Israel and would get it if they refused to accept the verdict of the people. I should have asked him how this tallied with his view that "Zionism and Western-style democracy are in direct contradiction."

Read Kahane's writings on the Jews. Here is his depiction of American Jewish life today:

> The massive, gaudy mausoleums that dot the landscape of every Jewish suburb. The temples. The temples whose senior rabbi is the caterer. The temples that perform human sacrifice rites each Sabbath morning, and they call it the Bar Mitzvah . . . the Bar Mitzvah, that obscene cult of ostentatiousness, the ultimate in Jewish status-seeking, where materialism runs amok in the guise of religion, where drunks and half-dressed women dance and give praise to the Lord, with African dances, American tunes and universal abominations.

This rather makes "Hymietown" pale. You should also read Kahane on "the loving Jewish mother who took off her golden nose rings and made a golden calf which she worships avidly," and "the Jewish father whose values are those of the garment center and the race track." The man is an Arab-hater, and he has that in common with a large and growing number of Israelis and Gentile Americans. But he is also—and at last one finds a proper and apposite use for this amorphous term—a self-hating Jew.

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

Sods on the Road

I am in receipt of mail from intending vacationers, perturbed by the Supreme Court decision upholding the Georgia sodomy laws and anxious about their travel plans. For many of them the question comes down to this: Can you drive coast to coast across the United States without entering states that have legal sanctions against the practicing sodomite, remembering that the Georgia law defines sodomy as "any sex act involving the sex organs of one person and the mouth or anus of another"?

The news is bad. Assuming you are traveling west to east, the problem comes with an impenetrable moral barrier: the tier of states stretching from Arizona, up through Utah, to Idaho. All of these have laws against both heterosexual and homosexual sodomy. You can either bypass via Canada or Mexico—both of whose laws in this instance are unknown to me, so best consult your travel agent—or abstain for this portion of your trip. In the event that lust is virtually ungovernable, heterosexual sodomites can take Highway 2 through northern Idaho, a matter of some fifty chaste miles, before arriving in the comparative safety of Montana.

Homosexual sodomites will have to be more prudent if they do not wish to fall foul of Montana law. Hold off till you get to Wyoming, which, like the states to its immediate south and east, smiles upon the polymorphous and the perverse. The sods' gateway to the east is Iowa, which is as liberal as Wyoming; from there it's a clear run through Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and into the Big Apple. Stay out of Michigan, Minnesota and, of course, the South. Heterosexual sods can freely frolic in Arkansas and Texas.

In sum, law-abiding heteros and homos intending sodomy should watch it in Ida, Ut, Ariz, Mo, Okla, La, Miss, Tenn, Ky, Ala, Ga, Fla, S.C., N.C., Va, D.C., Md, R.I., Minn and Mich. Heterosexual sodomy is O.K. in Nev, Mont, Kans, Tex and Ark. Happy holidays, and thanks to *Workers Vanguard*, "Marxist working-class biweekly of the Spartacist League of the US," which published a useful map. I didn't know the Sparts were into that kind of thing.

Pileup in Somalia

Somalia is one of those countries noticed by the U.S. press only when it seems possible that imperial interest might be affected. Others in this category include Burkina Faso, New Zealand, Grenada and Vanuatu. The usual pattern is that an itinerant U.S. journalist (a) visits the country, (b) confers with the local U.S. ambassador or C.I.A. head of station, (c) files a dispatch that either (d) muses on "Timeless Rhythms of Peasant Life Unchanged" or (e) alerts the American people of trouble.

Just such was Sheila Rule's report from Somalia in *The New York Times* for July 20. The lead was traditional: "Soothing Indian Ocean breezes swirl around this crumbling capital, a mix of Arab and Italian architecture, as everyday life goes on." But soon Rule was flapping the warning flag: "The daily routine masks a critical political question facing Somalia," namely how long "tough," "shrewd" (i.e., U.S.-loving) President Siad Barre can hang on and, in the likely event of his demise, who will succeed him.

Presumably primed by the local U.S. Embassy, Rule had some kind words for Brig. Gen. Mohammed Ali Samantar, citing diplomatic testimonials to his intelligence, ability and "pragmatism," an indispensable attribute in seeing the world through the same prism as the U.S. State Department and the International Monetary Fund. But Rule seems to have been so overwhelmed by the Indian Ocean breezes and the sinewy pragmatism of Samantar that she failed to acquaint herself with the realities of Somalian political life.

For one thing, President Barre is a near-vegetable, following an automobile accident on May 23, when the presidential convoy of eight cars had a pileup on the road from Afgoi to Mogadishu, Somalia's capital. Barre's car, unwisely leading the cavalcade, rammed into a bus heading the other way, and he was badly mangled. A team of five doctors from Saudi Arabia have failed to revive the wily leader, described by the U.S. press in years long gone as "erratic," "impulsive" and "unstable," until he abandoned alliance with the Soviet Union and became the "adroit" custodian, beloved in Washington, of crucial sea lanes.

Not beloved by his own people. Somalia boasts one of the most dynamic popular resistance movements in Africa. In its latest and most significant phase this movement coalesced in 1981 in a broad front formally called the Somali National Movement. This movement is in a strategically advanced stage, with virtual control of the countryside. It is now waiting for the appropriate time to move on the capital.

Footnote: Those who want to follow events further should read *Somali Horizon* (P.O. Box 1246, Falls Church, VA 22041), particularly the excellent essay in the June issue on the history of the liberation movement, by Ibrahim Megag Samater.

Crystal Ballocks

They're always wrong anyway, but even by their own appalling standards the economic soothsayers and pundits made fools of themselves last spring, predicting boom times for U.S. capitalism as far as the eye could see. Typical of the ecstacies rushed into print at that time was a *New York Times* article by William Nordhaus, Yale University professor and former member of Carter's Council of Economic Advisers. Nordhaus cited the drop in energy prices, interest rates and the value of the dollar as heralding a sustained period of upswing in the economy over the coming decade. Others of Nordhaus's stature said much the same thing and were dutifully echoed by the foot soldiers of economic forecasting on Wall Street.

The prophets were gravely in error, as they now concede while summoning the stretcher-bearers to carry off their econometric models and make bonfires from their printouts. As usual, they had failed to gear into those models many of the elementary facts of modern capitalism: falling wages and hence sluggish consumption, which can be stimulated only by accelerating debt, which in turn increases the fragility of the financial structure. Falling energy prices have destroyed the economy of the oil patch, from Louisiana to

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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

Oklahoma, extending regional economic sickness from its headquarters in the Farm Belt. The hope for the weakened dollar was that U.S. exports would improve, but the only export-oriented economic planning known to this country takes place in the Pentagon and not in some hypothetical command bunker of a peacetime economy.

In the upcoming political season we'll be hearing many plans for the economy articulated by Democrats such as Gary Hart, patron saint of hi-tech and the leaner, meaner military budget, or Bill Bradley, the noted *contra*-lover who has achieved the amazing feat of earning liberal plaudits for heading off any reform that would make the U.S. tax code a properly progressive system. None of these plans evince the slightest structural understanding of late capitalism's current agonies, which is scarcely surprising given the general dismal level of economic discussion.

What's available as alternative economic reading matter from the left? We have the *Review of Radical Political Economics* and the *Cambridge Journal of Economics*, but both of those tend to the academic and the inscrutable. More perky are *Monthly Review* and *Capital and Class*. Most accessible of all is *Dollars & Sense*, a monthly put out in Boston by a collective that works with the Union for Radical Political Economics, available for $18 a year from 1 Summer Street, Somerville, MA 02143.

Born Free, but . . .

I quoted Lenin recently as having said that freedom is the recognition of necessity. I didn't know the context but presumed that he tossed out the tag by way of justifying Taylorist work rhythms. Now Larry Hochman writes to say he thinks it was Engels. It sounds a bit terse for Fred, but the following line does occur in the *Anti-Dühring*: "Freedom does not occur in the dream of independence from natural laws, but in the knowledge of these laws, and in the possibility this gives of making them work towards definite ends." *A Dictionary of Marxist Thought* says this should be taken in the Baconian, positivist, rather than the Spinozist, Hegelian, sense. All I know is I can't get an American Express card.

Of course Fred and Karl and their heirs, assigns and successors were right to stress the ineluctability of laws both natural and economic, but it does no harm to throw on the rose-tinted spectacles once in a while. This is in accord with my new line, which is, contrary to Gramsci, Optimism of the will, optimism of the intellect. We need more utopias, even if the traditional left reaction to this is that utopias prefigure a dream but eschew analysis of the means of getting there. In an essay in the June/July issue of *The Connection* (journal of the Michigan Alliance for Disarmament) Alan Wald writes that between 1886 and 1896 more than a hundred pieces of utopian fiction appeared in response to the militant struggles of labor, farmers, racial minorities and women. Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward* was the most famous. Walter McDougall's *The Hidden City* appeared in 1891, a year after the Wounded Knee massacre, and unfurled a utopia dealing in part with the future of Native Americans. In 1899 Arthur Bird published *Looking Forwards*, in which the inhabitants of China turn white under the "civilizing" influence of American empire, thus anticipating Bjorn Kurten's idea of the neotenized Cro-Magnates overwhelming the poor Neanderthals.

Double Your Standard (an Ongoing Series)

Enemies of censorship affronted by the closing of *La Prensa* may wish to urge Congress to put pressure on Israel for its own, infinitely worse abominations in this field. To take one example from hundreds, Birzeit University, on the West Bank, has extraordinary difficulty receiving Arab publications. This is not just a matter of the official list of "banned books." At the bridges from Jordan or the Rafah border from Egypt, all Arabic publications are seized and taken to the censor's office in Jerusalem; some do not return. Publications sent by mail are randomly censored at a postal center near Jerusalem. Books, even if donated, are subject to severe taxation. Despite Jordanian law and international agreements on educational materials, these books are subjected to a 17 percent V.A.T. and a customs tax. In addition to these outrageous imposts, the "Birzeit University Newsletter" for May of this year reports that Israeli officers at the border "add another tax, its rationale unknown, of over $10 for each Arabic book or periodical, a fee that is triple that of even last year."

The newsletter, by the way, also recounts some more deadly forms of censorship, including a three-hour period of gunfire from Israeli troops on March 31, when Birzeit students tried to hold a Land Day rally near the university's old campus. Three students were wounded, in which condition they were interrogated harshly and in one case, according to the newsletter, struck while in a hospital bed.

News From the Ivory Tower

Among those disturbed by the impending elevation of religious zealot Dan Manion to the U.S. Court of Appeals was Mortimer Weiss. Weiss was further disturbed by the ringing endorsement given to Manion by the Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame University and supple liberal hierarch in the temple of ideas. He wrote to Hesburgh and, in reply, received the following letter, nicely illustrative of the academic conscience at full stretch:

> My endorsement of Dan Manion was upon the request of his mother, a friend of over forty years. His father was a former Dean here before I was President thirty-five years ago and it was he you heard speaking about the John Birch Society and not Dan. Dan is an alumnus, a distinguished veteran of the Vietnam War, a daily communicant, and married to the daughter of one of our Law professors. That's what I endorsed him for. As to his legal qualities, I am no judge of that, but I've known judges who had less education in the law than he has had.
>
> You should not be too easily disillusioned. I am sure you also understand that there are certain family bonds that require loyalty, as long as it can be done honestly.
>
> All best wishes.

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ARTICLES.

'A LESSER LIFE' AND OTHER LIES

Feminists and Families

NOREEN CONNELL

For the past few years, first quietly and now vociferously, critics have called for the women's movement to focus more on "pro-family" issues. With the publication of Sylvia Ann Hewlett's *A Lesser Life* and the controversy over a case challenging California's pregnancy-leave law [see Kai Bird and Max Holland, "Capitol Letter," July 5/12, *The Nation*], the debate has drawn national attention.

Criticism comes from several directions. Some of our friends advocate a midcourse correction in our movement's priorities. They caution that our defense of legal abortion and civil rights for lesbians and gay men is alienating us from the mainstream. The crux of their argument is that by developing a national family policy, the National Organization for Women and other women's rights groups could take back ground lost to the right wing.

A convincing case can be made that feminists and the progressive movement have done more for families, real flesh-and-blood families, than the right will ever do. We've lobbied, demonstrated and campaigned for child care, flexible work schedules, changes in insurance coverage, parental leave, food stamps, the enforcement of child-support judgments, work sharing, housing, decent working conditions and good health care. The right's reaction to these family support measures is that they're too expensive—something that doesn't trouble them about new weapons.

Yet efforts by feminists and progressives to convince the electorate of this case have not succeeded. The sterling records of Vice President Walter Mondale and Representative Geraldine Ferraro on family issues did not sway the voters who say they hold traditional family values. Thus, this hypothetical feminist "pro-family" strategy that our friendly critics advocate has already been played out in the day-to-day world of politics without much success. Having engaged in numerous shouting matches with right-wingers on who is more pro-family, I have come to the conclusion that "family" means something different to each side. When feminists and progressives talk about the family, we mean working parents with high mortgage payments and college costs, single heads of households, and homemakers who freely choose to work in the home. We envision a unit bound together by love that must be strengthened against economic hardship and harsh employment practices.

Noreen Connell is New York State president of the National Organization for Women.

When rightists talk about the family, they are not talking about the diversity of families in late-twentieth-century America, or even about the romanticized family of Norman Rockwell. Their call for a return to traditional family values is a much darker vision and more counterrevolutionary than most of us want to understand. By "family" they mean a relationship based on male authority and female economic dependence. In their eyes there is no contradiction between being pro-family and slashing budgets for child care or for programs to prevent child abuse, or limiting food stamps for single women who head their households.

Their call for a return to traditional family values means eradicating all programs that lighten the burden of child care for women or that allow them the economic support to raise children without a male breadwinner. Unfortunately, some women, emboldened by education and the American tradition of individualism, aspire to a life beyond staying home and caring for their husbands and children. To keep such women from sabotaging the social ideal, the right strenuously opposes comparable worth, careers open to merit, affirmative action, flexitime, child care, abortion, social and financial support for raising children out of wedlock and the enforcement of laws concerning husbands' violence against wives. This is the right's pro-family agenda.

The modern women's movement has made remarkable, if uneven, progress over the past twenty years. We have secured legal rights to equal employment and education, birth control and abortion, and have seen restrictive "protective" labor legislation struck down. None of these actions have been anti-family, including our advocacy of civil rights for lesbians. These activities have been a seamless web, all part of a movement to recognize the individuality of women, to make child rearing a voluntary option and to end the centuries-long sacrifice of the needs of women to the responsibilities of the family.

The right's agenda is also a seamless web. In the past decade it has attempted to checkmate the women's movement in every area, with considerable help from the Reagan Administration. It has cut government support for families, especially those headed by single women; it has attempted to make abortion illegal again and has harassed women who get abortions and doctors who perform them; and it has tried to eliminate Federal funding for battered-women's shelters. The Administration has backed away from affirmative action and equal employment opportunity laws.

Recently a new set of critics of the women's movement has entered the debate over the role of women and the family. These are the neofeminists—represented most clearly by Hewlett but also by Dorothy Wickenden, in an article in the May 5 *New Republic* titled "What NOW?"—who claim that the American women's movement has not only failed women but has made life harder for them. They argue that while European feminists secured maternity leaves and child-care programs for women, American feminists have ignored the needs of working mothers in pursuit of an ideal of equality that disregards the biological differences be-

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tween the sexes. This is no call for a midcourse correction. Rather, neofeminists say, feminist leaders should step aside. Instead of their misguided quest for equality, we need laws that "protect" the working mother and the family.

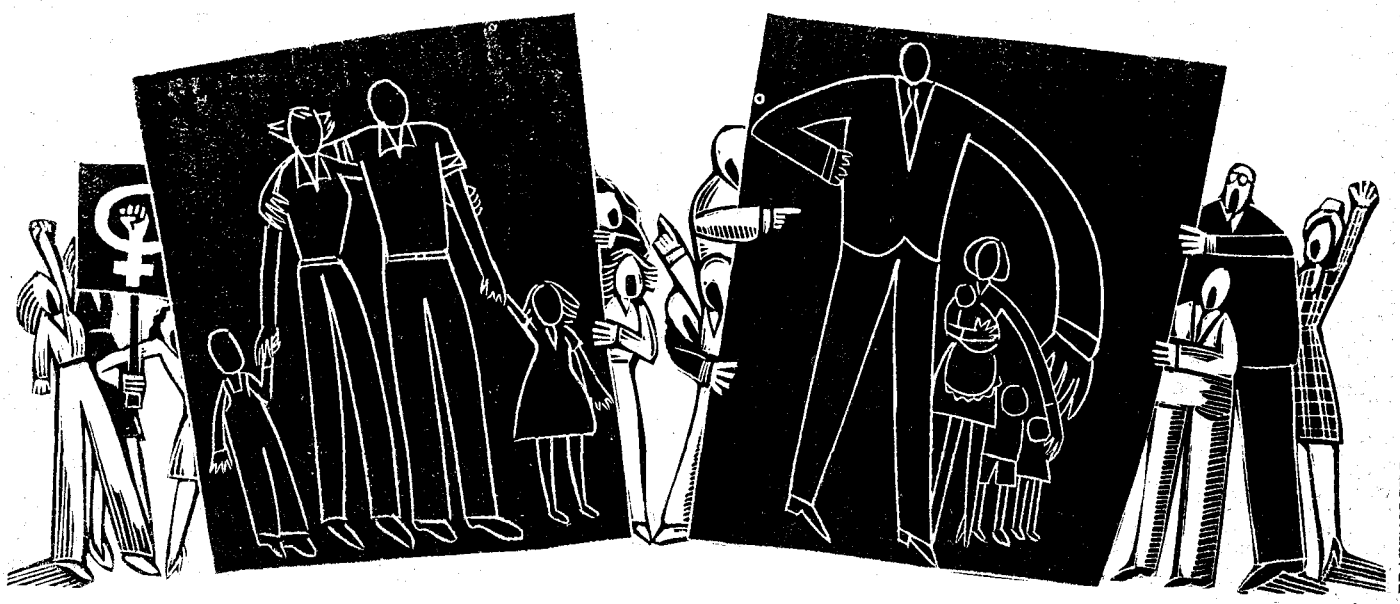
The case made by neofeminists is based on what could charitably be called misinformation, or uncharitably called lies. All European governments implemented maternity-leave policies and most had child-care programs long before the modern European women's movement emerged. Feminism had nothing to do with those policies. Postwar labor shortages, the election of democratic socialist governments, a desire to limit the influx of workers from other countries and the European tradition of legislating employment practices for the private sector all contributed.

The neofeminist portrayal of the American women's movement is just as inaccurate. Even a cursory review of the activities of American feminists reveals that the neofeminist version of them is a straw woman. Demands for child care and leaves of absence for parents have been on the political agenda of NOW since its founding. Although the Equal Rights Amendment and abortion, both under right-wing siege, were its priorities, twenty-three out of fifty policy statements adopted by NOW at national conventions over the past twenty years have dealt with family-related issues. In Washington, organizations like the Women's Equity Action League lobby day after day for extended insurance coverage, parental leave and civil service flexitime and work sharing. If neofeminists do not bother to research the modern American women's movement, they could at least look through an issue of *Ms.*, which typically contains articles about child rearing and reproductive health. After all, most women in the women's movement are, or will be, mothers.

But the most insidious argument of the neofeminists is not their distortion of recent European and American history but their attack on the women's movement for not achieving the rights they advocate. Here, too, they are misguided. Day care in this country is limited and inadequate because President Nixon vetoed the Comprehensive Child Development Act in 1971, not because the women's movement was obsessed with the E.R.A. Representative Patricia Schroeder's modest bill providing for unpaid parental leaves [see Nadine Taub, "A Public Policy of Private Caring," *The Nation*, May 31] is being opposed by the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, not by feminists. If the women's movement in the United States had ever had the access to a President that the right does to Reagan, we might justifiably be blamed for neglecting working mothers. But since 1966 the best the feminist movement has ever secured from the White House was Jimmy Carter's lukewarm support for the E.R.A. That the women's movement has made the gains it has is testimony to two decades of hard work on the local, state and Federal levels, not evidence that feminists have refused to use some kind of magic wand for the benefit of working mothers. Our victories have cost the government nothing (abortion) or very little (battered-women's shelters). The neofeminists blame the women's movement for its lack of power. But it will take more than the women's movement to achieve a multimillion-dollar national child-care program or a law requiring employers to provide parental leave. It will take the concentrated and combined energies of feminists, trade unionists, the liberal business community, elected officials and progressive activists.

Neither our friendly critics nor the neofeminists seem to understand—nor do the journalists who barrage us with articles and television programs about the problems of the working mother—that the women's movement advocates child-care and family responsibilities shared by both parents. Women will never escape the double burden of work and family unless men assume the day-to-day hard work at home. Both our friendly and unfriendly critics share the traditional assumption that child rearing and homemaking are the exclusive responsibility of women; by extension, they also assume that pro-family activism is the exclusive responsibility of the women's movement.

Our critics are wrong. It is not the women's movement that needs to be more pro-family; it is men. Despite an occasional diaper change or a young lawyer's refusal to work on weekends, Betty Friedan's second stage has not occurred.



DRAWINGS BY RANDALL ENOS

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Why should it? Working fathers already have a system of child care, their wives, and they are not interested in giving it up. Only when men become pro-family at the most basic level, at home, will male union leaders and business executives and politicians and, yes, progressive activists be ready to stop pontificating about the need for child care and do something about it. We'll know the time has come when *Esquire* runs articles about the tough lot of working fathers, and political commentators question whether a male candidate should run for office while his children are still so young. □

CORPORATE ASSAULT

Giving the U.N. The Business

RICHARD CAPLAN AND
SCOTT L. MALCOMSON

Item. In 1980, at a critical stage in the World Health Organization's efforts to draft a marketing code for infant formula, the International Council of Infant Food Industries offers Dr. Stanislaus Flache, an assistant director-general of W.H.O., its top job. Flache, described in a Nestlé internal memorandum as "very active" in the code negotiations, accepts.

Item. While ostensibly negotiating the Law of the Sea Treaty in good faith for the United States in 1982, Robert Keating writes a letter to corporate executives urging them to oppose the treaty. Four days later, at the request of industry hard-liners and with the exclusion of moderates, a pivotal meeting is held with White House counselor Edwin Meese 3d. Industry representatives leave the meeting assured that the United States will scuttle the treaty, which it does.

Item. In 1983, Sherwin Gardner of the Grocery Manufacturers of America travels to New York City to consult with José Sorzano, the U.S. representative to the United Nations' Economic and Social Council. Gardner persuades Sorzano to marshal opposition to proposed consumer protection guidelines. As a result, the final draft of the guidelines includes language promoting free-market policies.

Who's calling the shots at the United Nations? It would be an exaggeration to suggest that business enjoys a controlling interest in that organization, but it is clear that the international business community, alone and in partnership with the Reagan Administration, is engaged in an active and effective assault on U.N. initiatives that are perceived as threats to corporate profits.

There has been a business lobby at the United Nations since its beginnings—the International Chamber of Commerce (I.C.C.) was among the first groups granted consultative status there—but only in the 1970s did business begin to view U.N. actions as a wholesale menace to its interests and lobby against them. The basis for the heightened concern was a 1974 General Assembly resolution calling for a New International Economic Order to redress North-South economic inequality. The new economic order was essentially a Third World desideratum rather than a program for change. Its most concrete result was the establishment of the U.N. Centre on Transnational Corporations. The center's research was directed toward strengthening the position of developing countries in their dealings with multinationals. The idea, according to Karl Sauvant, an official at the center, was that Third World countries would be able to make informed decisions about corporations contemplating investment in those countries. Business was not happy about this intelligence-gathering operation but objected especially to another of the center's activities: the formulation of a code of conduct governing multinationals.

Those modest efforts inspired business to a lobbying offensive that was crucial to making the New International Economic Order what it is today, a vague memory of U.N. activism. William Stibravy, the I.C.C.'s representative at the United Nations, describes these and kindred initiatives as "tailor-made for those countries and individuals who simply want to lash out at private enterprise generally and corporations specifically." The I.C.C. and the International Business Council (I.B.C.), a smaller lobbying group founded in 1970, use the specter of international regulation to sell their goods, namely analysis and strategy fitted to client needs, monitoring services that include newsletters and briefings, and vital access to diplomats and Secretariat members. At an I.B.C. luncheon last November, for instance, participants were treated to a castigation of the U.N.'s transnational center by Alan Keyes, Assistant Secretary of State for International Organization Affairs, who admitted that he was "first and foremost concerned with garnering the support of the U.S. private sector" in opposing the center, before even canvassing the attitudes of the United States' closest allies.

The I.C.C. is considered business's official voice at the United Nations; Stibravy can, as he says, "go around buttonholing people just as lobbyists do on the Hill." U.S. corporations join the group through their membership in the United States Council for International Business, a national affiliate. Exxon is the U.S. Council's largest member, followed by I.B.M., according to executive director Paxton Dunn. With about 315 members (280 multinationals, 30 to 35 law firms), the U.S. Council collects more than $1 million each year in membership fees, as much as the I.C.C. does from its affiliates. That's quite an arsenal, as Dunn is obviously aware. "I don't know of any other group as a business group that has the kind of access we have," he says.

Clearly I.C.C. and I.B.C. lobbying has its limits. The General Assembly is rather like a council of foreign ministers; the World Health Assembly is made up of health ministers, and so on. Delegates get their instructions from their respective capitals, where, as a result, much of the

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Good News for Shy People!

Now there's *proven help* from the director of America's top shyness program!

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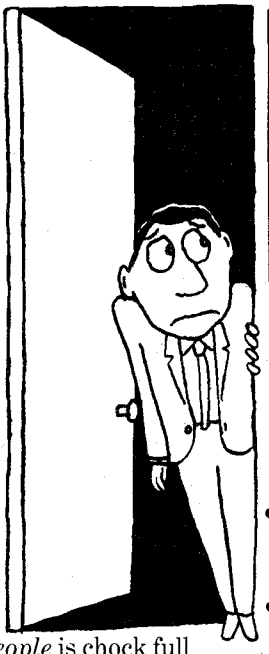

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About the Author. . .

Gerald M. Phillips, holder of a Ph.D. in speech communication, heads the only permanent, full-time program in the United States that trains people to overcome shyness. To date, he has helped over 3,000 men and women to break the bonds of their shyness and do the things they want in life.

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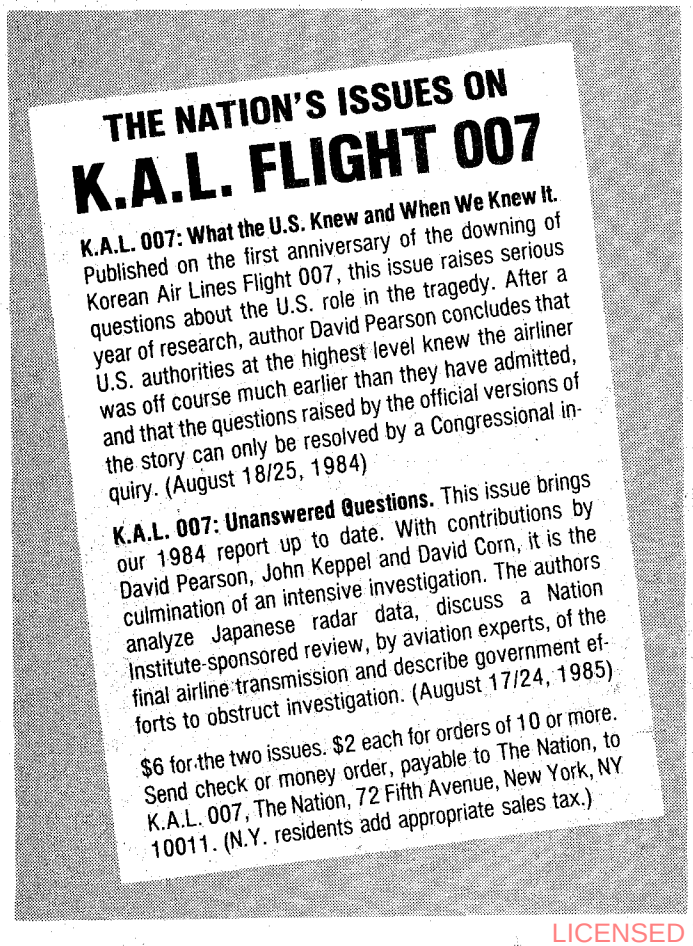
THE NATION'S ISSUES ON
K.A.L. FLIGHT 007
K.A.L. 007: What the U.S. Knew and When We Knew It. Published on the first anniversary of the downing of Korean Air Lines Flight 007, this issue raises serious questions about the U.S. role in the tragedy. After a year of research, author David Pearson concludes that U.S. authorities at the highest level knew the airliner was off course much earlier than they have admitted, and that the questions raised by the official versions of the story can only be resolved by a Congressional inquiry. (August 18/25, 1984)
K.A.L. 007: Unanswered Questions. This issue brings our 1984 report up to date. With contributions by David Pearson, John Keppel and David Corn, it is the culmination of an intensive investigation. The authors analyze Japanese radar data, discuss a Nation Institute-sponsored review, by aviation experts, of the final airline transmission and describe government efforts to obstruct investigation. (August 17/24, 1985)
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hard-core lobbying goes on. But the I.C.C. and the I.B.C. are also useful to business as early-warning systems and in managing public opinion with respect to the activities of the United Nations. Indeed, the widespread reference to a U.N. "regulatory trend" represents a coup for business on the battlefield of ideas. While they are certainly not ineffectual, most of the United Nations' so-called regulations are nonbinding codes, like the Consumer Protection Guidelines, or simply research findings, as evidenced by the Consolidated List of Products (whose consumption and/or sale have been banned, withdrawn, severely restricted or not approved by governments).

On important issues corporations sometimes rely on more specific industry lobbyists, such as the Grocery Manufacturers of America, the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association or the Chemical Manufacturers Association. Or corporations may take matters into their own hands, as Nestlé did in its battle against a W.H.O. marketing code for infant formula.

Nestlé's desperate attempts to protect its share of the $2 billion infant-formula market are by now well known: the laundering of a $25,000 contribution to Ernest Lefever's Ethics and Public Policy Center in 1980; Lefever's subsequent distribution, using a Nestlé-supplied mailing list, of a *Fortune* article depicting Nestlé boycotters as "Marxists marching under the banner of Christ"; Nestlé's courtship of W.H.O. officials (at least two of whom accepted offers of employment) and the seating of the corporation's own lawyer, Antonio Carrera, as a Guatemalan delegate to the decisive 1981 World Health Assembly, where the code was adopted. Corporate lobbying is in part responsible for its being a voluntary, rather than mandatory, code.

No less audacious was the massive disinformation campaign by the International Council of Infant Food Industries, created to fight the code. At its height, during the 1981 assembly, the council circulated letters critical of the code purported to be from the International Pediatrics Association and the All India Medical Students Association, as well as a seeming endorsement of the trade council by Britain's Department of Health and Social Security. One by one, delegates took the floor to expose the falsity of those letters. Turkey's chief delegate, Dr. Ihsan Dogramaci, who also happened to be the head of the International Pediatrics Association, denied that it had recommended against the code; India's Dr. I.D. Bajaj and Britain's Dr. E.L. Harris refuted the council's claims of support.

The most vital factor in the corporate lobby's success has been the support of the Reagan Administration. Playing hardball at the United Nations has become official policy—in Jeane Kirkpatrick's bald characterization, a rebuff to the "global paternalism" that threatens "those nations and people interested in the production of wealth and economic development in the world." Stephen Joseph, a former official at the Agency for International Development who resigned in protest after the United States cast the lone vote against the infant-formula code, says that once Reagan came into office, "companies became confident that they could get greater support for their position."

In 1982 the State Department's Bureau of International

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Organization Affairs began a comprehensive review of the United Nations and its specialized agencies and brought its concerns directly to the officials in charge. Two years later, as a clear signal to would-be recalcitrants, the United States noisily withdrew from the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization. The World Health Organization, among others, was not indifferent to this show of force and sought to demonstrate its loyalty to the principles of free enterprise—even at the possible expense of global health.

In February 1983, uncannily coincident with the Reagan Administration's review, W.H.O. director-general Halfdan Mahler torpedoed a study of the alcohol industry that his organization had commissioned. John Cavanagh and Frederick F. Clairmonte's *Alcoholic Beverages: Dimensions of Corporate Power*, a sharp indictment of the $190 billion industry and its relationship to increasing alcohol problems in the Third World, had been completed the previous October. It was the first major study to link the rise of alcohol abuse in those countries with the marketing practices of the multinational alcohol industry. A W.H.O. committee of experts reviewed the study, calling it a "pioneering work," and recommended it for publication. One month later W.H.O. commissioned Dr. Griffith Edwards to write a preface to the study and sent the manuscript to Oxford University Press, where it was received favorably. W.H.O. then abruptly withdrew the study, citing its "very limited usefulness [to] public health," and dismantled the larger alcohol program of which it was a part. It might be said that the good physician Mahler had come to heel, a conclusion that even the Heritage Foundation does not dispute. "Mahler . . . has played a key part in attempting to reassure the Reagan Administration that WHO's global health programs are in line with the principles of private enterprise," it says in a report titled *The World Health Organization: Resisting Third World Ideological Pressures*.

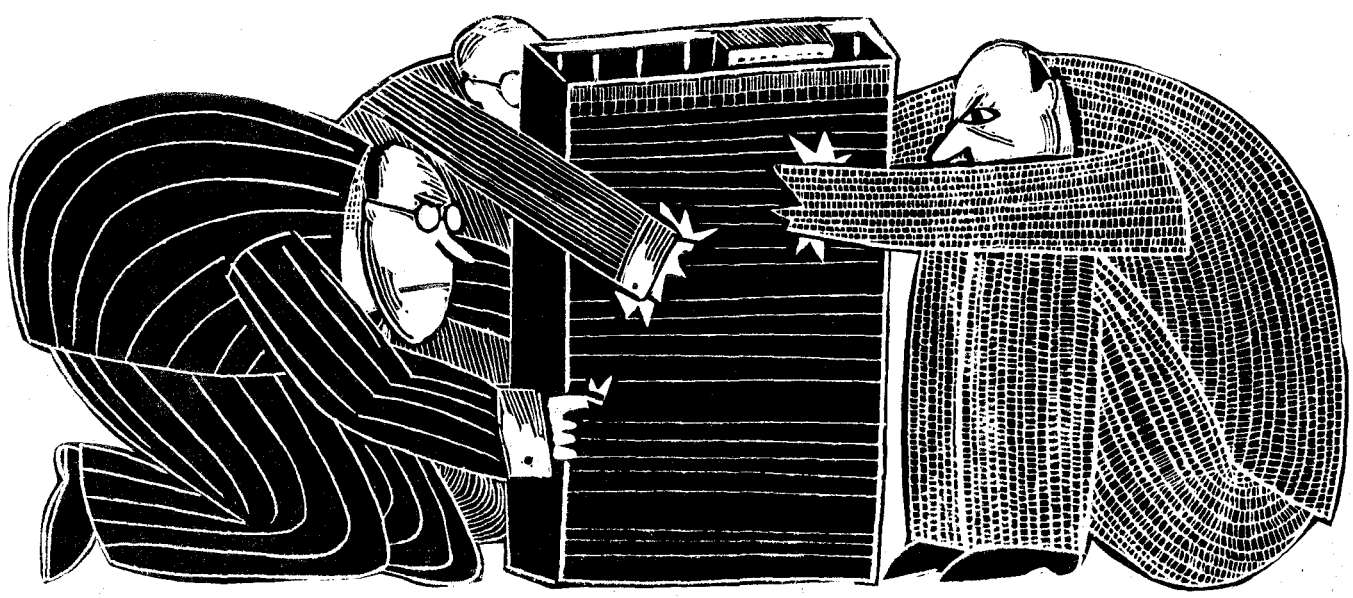
The Reagan assault on the United Nations also comes in the form of cost-cutting [see editorial, "U.N. Slashing," August 2/9]. An amendment sponsored by Republican Senator Nancy Kassebaum will cut the U.S. share of the U.N. budget by one-fifth unless the United States gets the extraordinary privilege of weighted voting on issues of budgetary consequence. According to Congressional sources, that amendment, combined with other legislation, may end up slicing more than $100 million from the U.N. budget—thus removing nearly 15 percent of the organization's revenues.

An economist and longtime U.N. observer told us, "These actions are viewed by many in the U.N. community as an attempt to hold the organization hostage to the ideological demands of its chief benefactor, including greater guarantees for the private sector." The strategy is likely to succeed, she adds, predicting that "we will soon see the U.N. eliminating many worthwhile programs simply because they do not meet U.S. approval."

Apart from business lobbying groups, and the business superlobbyist that is the Reagan Administration, there is a third force mitigating economic activism at the United Nations: the global recession that has meant both lower revenues and scarcer capital for developing countries. The Third World today is desperate for capital, and that gives multinationals an edge that arguably dwarfs the significance of U.N. lobbying. *The Economist* reports that drops in commodity prices enabled consumers in 1985 to pay $65 billion less than they did in 1984 for the same amount of raw materials. "Since real GDP growth in OECD countries is running at an annual rate of about 3%," *The Economist* reckons, "a quarter of it comes courtesy of cheaper commodities." Courtesy, that is, of Third World commodity exporters.

Such a massive collapse of earnings is symptomatic of the Third World's financial position. Its result, again following *The Economist*, is that "the multinationals, those villains of the 1960s, [are] now welcomed as saviours." The increasing inequities of capital are taking care of what the multinational lobby saw as its principal task—overcoming the barriers to capital penetration.

The United Nations is at a critical juncture. Many of the initiatives originating there over the past decade modestly seek to universalize much of what we have achieved, how-



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ever imperfectly, in this country: consumer protection, safeguards against exposure to hazardous products, control over national resources, corporate accountability and economic sovereignty. The triumph of business over those initiatives can be measured not only in their defeat or evisceration but in the extent to which debates over them have deteriorated into clichés about the communist threat. "The dominant ideology in the United Nations concerning economic regulation is a version of class war that has been developed by a kind of gross adaptation of Marxist categories to relations among nations," Jeane Kirkpatrick intones. We are a long way from the heady days of the New International Economic Order. □

What Is Wild?

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

dumps in Yellowstone Park were "bear-proofed." Minimize bear-human conflicts by weaning the bear from human food—this was the philosophy. And, also, a grizzly is wild, right? So get the wild grizzly back into the woods eating natural foods.

What do bears eat, and what should bears eat? And what is wild? And what is natural? All these are questions at the heart of a controversy over how to manage wildlife in Yellowstone Park. For how you manage bears affects how you manage bison and elk and other animals who live with the bears. And it affects how you manage people—the more than 2 million visitors who come each year to see Old Faithful and other geysers, the scenery and the wildlife in the largest and oldest national park in North America. All these management questions are connected, but the focus now is on the great bear.

Grizzlies used to roam the entire western United States but now are restricted to the northern Rocky Mountains. Many great bears—grizzlies and arctic brown bears—live in Canada and Alaska, but in the lower forty-eight states there remain at best a thousand. They live in and around Yellowstone and Glacier national parks, in wilderness areas and national forests and Indian reservations, as well as on other Federal, state and private lands in the vicinity of those parks.

A variety of Federal, state and tribal agencies "manage" these bears. In the national parks they are fully protected, meaning that people cannot hunt or disturb them legally. In other places, notably Montana, where 75 percent of the grizzlies in the lower forty-eight states live, there is a small quota of grizzlies, adjusted each year, that may be hunted and killed. (Alaska is the only other state that allows the hunting of grizzlies.) Montana wildlife officials believe that enough hunting to make bears wary of humans—but not enough to imperil the survival of an already endangered species—can cut down on bear-human encounters. The problem, of course, is that grizzlies are prodigious wanderers (to cover forty backcountry miles in one twenty-four-hour period is not unusual) and they do not recognize boundaries between, say, a wilderness, where no livestock grazing is permitted, and a rancher's leased grazing land inside a national forest. So the subject of most of the bear stories in regional newspapers like *The Billings Gazette* or *The Missoulian* each spring is trouble, actual or anticipated, with the bears.

In May, for example, a young male grizzly was discovered in a storeroom of the Many Glacier Hotel, deeply involved with a barrel of lard. Standard practice: tranquilize, capture, relocate. But Glacier Park personnel took two days to decide just where to transplant the bear; then when tranquilizers did not take and the bear rose up to attack his handlers, he was shot. The most ominous bear story this spring told of a female black bear, who, to protect her cubs, chased two elk-horn hunters up seventy-foot trees in Gallatin National Forest and mauled one of them severely.

Some people think that such bear-human encounters indicate that the bears must be coming back. But the reality in many places may be that this is not a comeback but a last stand. Less and less country belongs to the great bear. Even where grizzly populations are not declining, are even said to be recovering, as may be happening in the Glacier/Bob Marshall/Scapegoat/Great Bear region in Montana, there are continued threats to the bear: vacation homes and resort developments, oil and mineral exploration, the clear-cutting of large sections of forest, ranchers who demand action from wildlife officials when the bears get into their livestock, backpackers and campers in bear country, wilderness lovers who, ironically, disturb the wilderness inhabitants and poachers, looking mostly for trophies—a head, claws, or teeth.

In the fall-winter 1985 issue of *Bear News*, published by the Great Bear Foundation in Missoula, Montana, Lance Olsen notes that the grizzly in the lower forty-eight states is down to 1 percent of its former range and 1 percent of its former population level. Recovery in certain areas, Olsen says, "will not change this situation in any dramatic way."

One place the grizzlies are permitted to stroll is Yellowstone Park, but it is there that some critics are suggesting the great bear may be doomed.

I see the bear stories in Montana newspapers, but I wonder what bear stories get into the papers in Boston, New York, Atlanta, Los Angeles. Maybe this one made it: on May 24 some three dozen people, most of them identified with a group called Earth First! dress up in bear suits (they have secured a permit to do this) and pass out leaflets to people at Fishing Bridge.

Fishing Bridge is a famous camping and resort area in Yellowstone Park. It is also where half the bear-human conflicts take place in the park each year. Since 1966, when bears began to get weaned from human garbage, at least thirty grizzlies have died as a result of having to be removed from this area so that people could use it safely. Earth First! is the most theatrical of a loose coalition of environmental and wildlife groups lobbying for all tourist development to

Wilbur Wood is a poet and journalist who lives in Montana and writes about resource issues in the West.

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be removed from Fishing Bridge. Many bear experts in the Park Service agree with this goal. Merchants in the nearby town of Cody, Wyoming, fear that the action would hurt their business and are lobbying for Fishing Bridge to remain as it is.

What the Park Service has done this year with Fishing Bridge satisfies neither Earth First! nor the merchants of Cody, but it illustrates the status of bear politics in 1986: compromise. Reduce but do not eliminate tourist facilities and campsites at Fishing Bridge. And train park rangers in riot-control techniques in case Earth First!ers try to close roads in the area or otherwise illegally disrupt tourist services.

The leader of Yellowstone's Interagency Grizzly Bear Study Team (IGBST) is Richard Knight. He has studied grizzlies in the region for the past ten years. In an interview in *Bear News*, Knight assesses the Fishing Bridge issue.

What if all tourist development at Fishing Bridge were shut down? The grizzlies' "overall situation would be improved," Knight says. "We would have a gradual upswing of the population. More food would be available because the bears could move more freely."

So couldn't even more food be made available if other tourist developments were removed from the park? "You could take out all the development around Yellowstone Lake," he says, "but that is not in the cards. Yellowstone Lake is a beautiful lake, and people want to enjoy it, and that's part of the Park. It isn't possible to remove every point of conflict, so you have to be very careful with the points of conflict you allow."

The irony here is that prior to the closing of the dumps there were very few "points of conflict" between people and bears in Yellowstone Park.

Before the dumps were closed the last fatal grizzly mauling of a human being had occurred in 1942. In 1972, one year after the dumps were closed in the park, the first fatal grizzly mauling in three decades occurred. Since then two more people have been killed by grizzlies in or near Yellowstone, and backcountry encounters have increased.

Two brothers who conducted an intensive study of grizzlies in Yellowstone between 1959 and 1971, Frank and John Craighead, lost their jobs after they challenged the Park Service's abrupt decision to close the dumps. The issue became a famous environmental dispute of the late 1960s and 1970s. The goal of the Park Service, according to a policy statement by then-chief scientist Robert Linn, was "to maintain, or re-create when necessary, . . . those ecological conditions that would currently prevail were it not for the advent of post-Columbian man and his cultural impact." But no one had established the pre-Columbian conditions for bears in Yellowstone Park. Did grizzlies and black bears live there year-round? What was the park's carrying capacity?

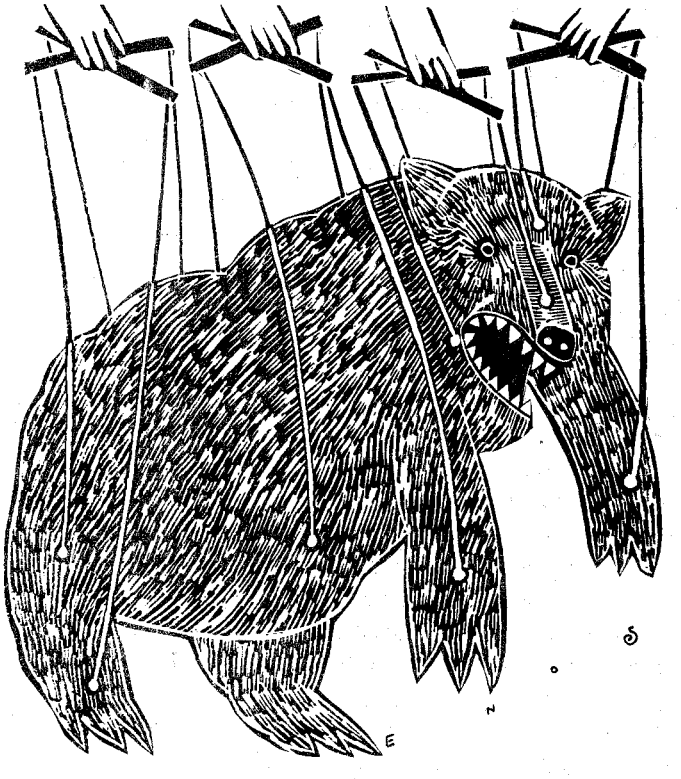
What the Craighead brothers did know was that grizzlies had fed at dumps since the late 1800s, and they figured the park population was probably 300 grizzlies prior to the closings. Park Service personnel insisted there were more grizzlies, perhaps 350, because some bears never came to the dumps to feed. The Craigheads disagreed, having found no evidence of such a strictly backcountry grizzly population. In this, as in other matters, the Craigheads have been proved correct. Today, their warnings against abrupt dump closures have come true. More bears are on the move, and hostile grizzly-human encounters on trails and in campgrounds have increased. More people are being injured and killed by bears. And the grizzly population in Yellowstone has plummeted dramatically, perhaps as much as 50 percent.

In addition, the grizzlies are much smaller than they were when the Craigheads were studying them. The average springtime weight of an adult male grizzly is down, from 543 pounds during the dump era to 408 pounds in 1982. Female grizzlies too are thinner, and are giving birth to smaller litters. And cubs mature more slowly, which shortens their reproductive life.

Richard Knight believes the grizzlies are being better managed these days, and that the declining population has stabilized at between 180 and 200. He expresses cautious optimism about grizzly recovery in the Yellowstone region, as long as "human-caused mortality" can be kept "very low, less than two adult females lost per year."

John Craighead, who now directs the Wildlife-Wildlands Institute in Missoula, Montana, said at a grizzly bear conference this spring in Boulder, Colorado, that IGBST is overly optimistic.

A chapter in Alston Chase's *Playing God in Yellowstone: The Destruction of America's First National Park* explicitly blames the alliance between government agencies and environmental groups for bringing the Yellowstone grizzly to the point of extinction. To Chase, the problem is not ecological so much as philosophical. What is wild? What is natural? It is not so much biological as political. As John



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Craighead charges, "The bear can go, but the bureaucracy will thrive." Many environmental groups—national groups like the Audubon Society and the Sierra Club, as well as regional groups like the Greater Yellowstone Coalition—have bought into the philosophy and politics of the Park Service and have stopped serving as watchdogs on the government, Chase charges.

To save the Yellowstone grizzly, Chase recommends preserving the habitat around the park, a goal of the Greater Yellowstone Coalition, but also:

§ Replacing IGBST with a nongovernmental research body to investigate whether a "natural" grizzly population can be maintained in the region.

§ Ending trapping, transplanting and drugging of bears.

§ Prohibiting anyone, including park personnel, from killing bears, "except in the most extreme circumstances."

§ Replacing the dumps, on an experimental basis, with feeding areas called ecocenters.

It was the Craigheads who first suggested the idea of such ecocenters. Back in the 1960s they recommended that if the dumps were to be closed it should be done gradually, with studies to monitor the effects on the grizzlies, and with supplemental feeding of carrion—such as elk purposely killed and left by the Park Service—during the transition period. John Craighead elaborates:

> We can speculate that such ecocenters were present in the West before the arrival of the white man . . . where large numbers of bison drowned or were winter-killed at the Great Falls of the Missouri . . . [at] the Indian pishkun or buffalo jumps in and around Yellowstone . . . [and] at spawning sites of salmon, steelhead or Dolly Varden trout in the Upper Clearwater and Salmon rivers of Idaho.

Ecocenters can be natural or man-made, said the Craigheads. "The bears don't differentiate."

What's wild? What's natural?

"Every bear is a garbage bear," Alston Chase asserted at the grizzly bear conference in Boulder. Why? Because dumps of some sort were probably present during pre-Columbian days.

Indian dumps were natural? White-man dumps are not? What do bears eat? What should bears eat?

Turning bears loose in a national park may seem natural, but historical evidence suggests that bears, especially the plains-roaming grizzly, generally did not live year-round in the high, harsh Yellowstone. Nor did bison. Nor did elk, at least not in their present numbers. Nor did a much more effective predator than grizzlies, the wolf.

The wolf was driven to year-round residence in Yellowstone, along with the bison, the elk and the bear. But wolves were trapped and essentially exterminated there in the 1920s. With hunting abolished, two main predators—wolves and people—were eliminated. The bison and elk populations soared. Now hungry bison habitually wander across the park boundary and into Montana, where they are often shot by licensed hunters. So park officials are considering expensive fences to keep them in the park. Elk wander, too, many of them south to the Jackson Hole country in Wyoming, at the base of the Tetons, where another big legal shootout occurs each year. Elk are so abundant in Yellowstone that they have severely overgrazed the range, and this reduces food for bears and accelerates erosion and the silting up of streams. How natural is all this?

And how appropriate would be the reintroduction of wolves, an "important missing link" in the Yellowstone ecosystem, according to park superintendent Robert Barbee. Although wolves may not have been as prevalent in pre-Columbian Yellowstone Park as officials seem to believe, their reintroduction to check elk overpopulation is being strongly considered. And also, predictably, resisted by ranchers and politicians, who doubt that wolves—even with 30,000 elk to hunt—will restrict their movement to the 2.2 million-acre park. Wolves are even greater wanderers than bears, and share the bears' lack of comprehension of human political boundaries.

I live where the High Plains rumple up into the Rockies. Cattle and sheep and wheat country now; also coal and oil. Not much more than a century ago this was grizzly and wolf, bison and elk, country. I can still glimpse bison and elk—this morning I did as I drove up the river valley—a few semi-domesticated survivors behind an eight-foot metal fence at a game ranch west of town. People can bend even wild bison and elk to human use. Powdered horns, gourmet meat.

Bears, too, can be meat. Even wolves can be meat. But basically wolves and bears are not much use today. The song of the wolf sells only when a man like Paul Winter sits in a wilderness and plays lovely woodwind duets with wolves, then sells the recordings. And as for the bear, perhaps it is just the idea of the great bear in his domain, rambling around, poking into things, eating, enjoying life, mostly not giving a damn about human beings, that is still important to us.

I can walk out of town into pine hills and not have to think about grizzlies because they are no longer here. From ridgetops, on clear days, I can gaze across 200 miles of pine hills and prairie and see the Beartooth-Absaroka Mountains. Beyond those peaks lies the high plateau of Yellowstone Park. I think of the Ainu people of Hokkaido Island, who call the arctic brown bear, which is as large as a grizzly, a Mountain God. The grizzly is a god in our mountains. As glad as I am that I don't have to deal with grizzlies every day of my life, I would feel immensely impoverished if this mountain god were gone from our world. □

REFLECTIONS ON A GLASS HOUSE:

THE U.N. AT 40

In this September 21, 1985, Nation Special Issue, nine scholars and activists assess the U.N.'s achievements and failures. They analyze the history of U.S. participation in the United Nations and examine the organization's role in disarmament, Middle East negotiations and in relations between the developed countries and the Third World. The issue, marking the U.N.'s fortieth birthday, serves as a much-needed rebuttal to the arguments of U.N. opponents. $3 each, $2 each for orders of 10 or more. Send check or money order, payable to The Nation, to The U.N. Issue, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Artful Historian

BARBARA JEANNE FIELDS

TOMBEE: Portrait of a Cotton Planter. *By Theodore Rosengarten. With* The Plantation Journal of Thomas B. Chaplin (1822–1890). *Edited and annotated with the assistance of Susan W. Walker. William Morrow. 750 pp. $22.95.*

Those who have read and been enthralled by the incomparable narrative of a black sharecropper, *All God's Dangers: The Life of Nate Shaw*, will welcome the appearance of a new book by Theodore Rosengarten. This time he has turned his hand to a biography of Thomas B. Chaplin, a slaveholding planter from the South Carolina lowcountry. Together with the biography, Rosengarten and co-editor Susan W. Walker present the journal on which the biography is largely based. Journal and biography make a handsome pair, and should find an enthusiastic audience among both historians and general readers.

A rich and instructive irony attends this new work by the author who gave a public voice to Nate Shaw (whose real name was Ned Cobb). Though the illiterate Cobb kept no journal or family papers, he spoke magnificently for himself. His vivid personality, strong character and sharp insight made him seem, as reviewer after reviewer declared, larger than life. By contrast, Chaplin appears smaller than life. Despite his voluminous journal, he cannot speak for himself. On his own, without the biographer's skillful elaboration of the social setting, he would have trouble holding most readers' interest. Born into the upper class of perhaps the most aristocratic slave state, master of the Tombee plantation on St. Helena Island and prospective heir of several others, Chaplin was mediocre in mind and character, a shallow, grasping figure for whom it is only occasionally possible to offer in extenuation the tepid excuse that "he meant well."

The great events of the Civil War period enhanced the stature of many humble people. Take the case of Hannah Johnson, an uneducated free black woman from Pennsylvania and mother of a Union soldier, who in July 1863 wrote to tell Abraham Lincoln what he ought to do about the Confederates' threat to treat captured black soldiers as rebellious slaves rather than as prisoners of war. Outlining a harsh policy of retaliation, she counseled Lincoln that "a just man must do hard things, sometimes, that shew him to be a great man." As though speaking to her son, she urged Lincoln to "meet [the threat] quickly and manfully." Great events magnified the humble Hannah Johnson; they reduced the "high-toned" Thomas Chaplin. In 1864, with the Union army at the door ready to enforce the Emancipation Proclamation of January 1, 1863, Thomas Chaplin clung to his all-consuming obsession: his suit against his stepfather for possession of his deceased mother's slaves, who would shortly be neither man's to own.

Not long ago historians were arguing about what became known (unfortunately) as "history from the bottom up." One side called for an emphasis on "ordinary" people—slaves, workers, serfs and other subordinate groups who usually do not write their own history or produce and preserve documentary records. The other side warned against excessive concern with people and events of little importance. Perhaps unintentionally, Rosengarten reveals the artificiality of those battle lines, and herein lies the irony of his work. His earlier book dealt with an illiterate black sharecropper who was, by any measure, extraordinary; whereas *Tombee* deals with a plantation aristocrat who was, by any measure, ordinary. Elevated social position and abundant documents do not make an extraordinary figure; low position and skimpy documents do not make an ordinary one. It is the historian's job to find and reveal the larger meaning behind whatever subject he or she chooses. It required hard and sensitive work to prove Thomas B. Chaplin worthy of anything but the obscurity in which he has heretofore rested in peace. Through such work, Rosengarten has largely succeeded in justifying the extraordinary attention he has paid to this very ordinary man.

He accomplishes this mainly by the artistry with which he places Chaplin on a broad canvas, and then fills in the space around him. Chaplin in his mediocrity affords insight into his times that a person of substance might not. Precisely because Chaplin was unsuccessful, his struggle to match the extravagant hospitality of his fellows says more about the importance of display in his set than would similar extravagance on the part of his richer neighbors. Because he was not very bright, his reaction to secessionist speeches and literature tells us something we cannot learn from the diaries and correspondence of talented, self-conscious Southern intellectuals. Rosengarten knows how to turn Chaplin's weaknesses to advantage, letting them illuminate his world, without submerging his personal quirks and foibles and occasional minor strengths) in the generic attributes of his class.

The Chaplin who emerges is a whole, if unlikable, person. Not very successful as a cotton planter, he was nevertheless consumed with his role as master of slaves: "telling his slaves what to do gave Chaplin a purpose," Rosengarten believes. Commenting on a journal entry in which Chaplin fretted over all the work there was to be done, Rosengarten aptly remarks: "*He* could not relax, thinking of all *they* had to do." The slaves later remembered Chaplin as neither notably brutal nor notably kind. He was interested in the great political questions of his day, but not acutely or knowledgeably so. He was pathetically eager for admiration and affection from friends, and perpetually dependent—financially and otherwise—on his rich and manipulative mother. Though at times he experienced a vague awareness of personal inadequacy, he usually saw his specific faults and failures as injuries other people—or fate—had done him. He could sympathize with other people's problems only if some aspect of those problems touched him personally, and then he usually appreciated only that aspect.

Barbara Jeanne Fields is a professor of history at Columbia University. She is the author of Slavery and Freedom on the Middle Ground: Maryland During the Nineteenth Century *(Yale University Press) and co-author, with Ira Berlin, Thavolia Glymph, Joseph P. Reidy and Leslie S. Rowland, of* The Destruction of Slavery *(Cambridge University Press).*

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Rosengarten claims for Chaplin one moment of heroism: when he risked his life evacuating white civilians and horses from St. Helena after the Union invasion of the Sea Islands in November 1861. Perhaps. But Chaplin did not display the foresight of those few members of his class who predicted the Union's interest in the islands, and who advised preparing for an orderly departure. Characteristically, Chaplin was among the unthinking crowd who, after the customary sumptuous meal at the Agricultural Society lodge, gaily organized a quixotic defense force. More than heroism, Chaplin's conduct during the invasion suggests that of a fearless but rather stupid horse that will hazard any fence or obstacle once someone has pointed its head toward the stable.

Rosengarten is an accomplished literary craftsman and is especially acute at choosing figures of speech that evoke an appropriate atmosphere. He describes Chaplin's journal writing as "a slow meander along a tidal creek, with long portages between stretches of navigable water, and detours ending nowhere as often as not." To show that Chaplin thought only superficially about the great intellectual issues of his day, Rosengarten selects a comparison that nicely captures the flavor of life in Chaplin's circle: such issues, he tells us, "touched Chaplin lightly, like vapors from a glass of brandy." Describing the setting of St. Helena Island, he comes near poetry:

> The . . . landside of these outer islands rises almost imperceptibly from the marsh. Behind the expanse of spartina grass looms a forest of massive live oaks, twisted cedars, crooked pines, and upright palmettos with spongy, branchless trunks and crowns of fan-shaped leaves which rattle like bones in the wind. Under a dark canopy, red-berried cassenas compete for sunlight with myrtle and holly and prickly pear, themselves swaddled by catbrier and jasmine. Approached from the ocean, the outer islands appear to be terraced. A hard white line of sand, capped by a dark green stripe, stops the sea at the horizon; feathery pinetops dust the sky.

Passages like this will make informed readers think of Willie Lee Rose, whose presence (for the most part unacknowledged) can be felt in other ways at numerous points in the biography.

Unacknowledged presences are indeed a weakness of *Tombee*. Several times—as when he discusses the Agricultural Society, the medical care of slaves, slave weddings and the division of Tombee's slaves between field and house or yard work—Rosengarten repeats arguments that appear in *Rehearsal for Reconstruction*, for which Willie Lee Rose made considerable use of Chaplin's journal. Rosengarten does not mention her at these points or refer readers to her work. That is unfortunate because hers is the kind of scholarly work that non-scholars can enjoy and learn from. Nor is hers the only unacknowledged presence. Eugene D. Genovese's arguments concerning the relationship of master and slave, the character and ideology of the slaveholders and the nature of slave society anticipate and reinforce much of Rosengarten's analysis; but, except as the editor of U.B. Phillips's work, Genovese does not appear in the footnotes.

More serious than the unacknowledged presences are the unacknowledged absences. Both seem to result from a deliberate, if erratically executed, decision to ignore the rich scholarly literature on the Old South, slavery and emancipation. Though Rosengarten refers readers to recent scholarship on peripheral matters (opium addiction and dueling, for example), he avoids work lying closer to the heart of his own. Among major historians of slavery, he cites only Kenneth M. Stampp, whose masterpiece, *The Peculiar Institution*, is now thirty years old. For general information on cotton factors, he mentions a seventy-two-year-old article but not the standard and eminently readable book on the subject, Harold D. Woodman's *King Cotton and His Retainers*. When directing readers to the remarkable Civil War reminiscences of Mary Boykin Chesnut, he cites an unreliable and obsolete version mislabeled a diary, instead of the real diary or the properly edited reminiscence which earned C. Vann Woodward a Pulitzer Prize in 1982.

Besides offering the curious reader a poor guide to the literature, Rosengarten weakens his own work by turning his back on the scholarship. He does little, for example, with a tantalizing journal entry in which Chaplin complained that more of Tombee's slaves worked in the house and yard (Mrs. Chaplin's jurisdiction) than in the fields (his own jurisdiction). Did Mrs. Chaplin and her sister perhaps decide that, given Chaplin's poor showing as a cotton planter, the slaves directly involved in the work of house and garden contributed more reliably to the family's well-being than those in the fields? And how was it that Chaplin could do no more than grumble about the division of the hands? The journal does not provide definite answers. But if Rosengarten had pursued Willie Lee Rose's suggestions about the domestic hierarchy in *Slavery and Freedom*, he might at least have offered informed speculation to shore up his biography at one of its weak points: the relationship between Chaplin and his wives.

Worst of all, for a writer so sensitive to what owning slaves meant to Chaplin and his kind, Rosengarten is at his least impressive when dealing with the collapse of slavery in the Sea Islands. Readers of *Tombee* never learn, for example, about the Union's recruitment of slave soldiers there, or that the capture of Port Royal—which Rosengarten dismisses as "militarily inconsequential"—provided a base from which both the slaves and the Federal army chiseled away at slavery. Chaplin's journal had by then fallen silent, and Rosengarten appears not to know either the literature or the sources—both abundant—that could have filled the gap. After doing an exemplary job of keeping in touch with the slaves through careful treatment of their owners, he misses the opportunity to stay close to the ex-owners through the rich record of their ex-slaves.

Rosengarten's scanting of the scholarly literature leaves him in the dark about the extent of the documentary record. He contends that we know the masters better than we know the slaves because only the masters left behind relevant documents. "The masters," he insists, "left a wealth of writing from which, *and from which alone*, it is possible to recover the history of the Old South." (Emphasis added.) Only the masters, he explains, kept diaries and account books, wrote wills, deeds and mortgages, or were heard in court. ("Masters" includes "mistresses," since Rosengarten's evidence encompasses the Chaplin women—and incidentally exposes the falseness of recent claims that women of the slaveholding class shared a bond of oppression with the slaves, that they oppressed slaves less than men did, or that they were closet opponents of slavery.)

In fact, however, the slaveholders' writings are not the only documentary evidence we have concerning the Old

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South. We also have slave narratives and autobiographies, letters, affidavits and interviews. Nor is it true that slaves appear in court records only as chattels to be "seized, sold, taxed, pledged, and fought over like so many candlesticks or cows." Uprisings, conspiracies and escapes by slaves often ended in court trials in which slaves gave revealing testimony. Courts-martial involving slaves during the Civil War, sometimes quite by chance, brought out fascinating evidence about life in the Old South. In one, a routine request that a slave soldier state his name led to an extended discussion about the discrepancy between the owner's name for the slave and the slave's name for himself. The Civil War and its aftermath produced an abundance of documentation from the slaves' standpoint and often in their own words. Some of this material appears in the first two volumes (*The Destruction of Slavery* and *The Black Military Experience*) of the Freedmen and Southern Society Project's *Freedom: A Documentary History of Emancipation, 1861–1867*. Other notable compilations of documentary material about slaves include Willie Lee Rose, *A Documentary History of Slavery in North America* and John W. Blassingame, *Slave Testimony: Two Centuries of Letters, Speeches, Interviews, and Autobiographies*. Beyond documentary sources, valuable evidence also comes from archeology and from the study of music and folklore.

Besides misleading readers about the range of available evidence, Rosengarten does an injustice to his own work. For he knows as well as anyone—his often perceptive discussions of the slaves prove it—that even when talking about themselves in private, slaveholders could not help talking simultaneously about the slaves. Their identities were too intimately connected with owning slaves for it to be otherwise. This is one of many lessons that Rosengarten appears to have learned from Genovese. Although he does not mention her work, perhaps he has also profited from the example of Drew Gilpin Faust, who has produced a sensitive biography of James Henry Hammond, another planter from South Carolina.

Slaveholders writing in journals and private letters often revealed more about the slaves than about themselves, because they were inclined to speak self-consciously about themselves (Chaplin used his journal, Rosengarten informs

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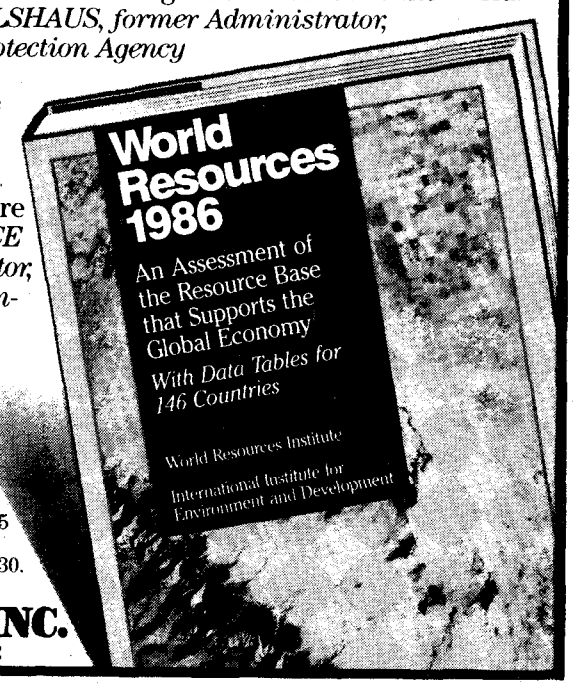
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us, "to justify himself and damn his enemies") but unconsciously about the slaves. Chaplin never sat down and reflected that the slaves' will placed limits on his own, or that he counted as much on their intelligence as on their brute strength. Yet he revealed these facts by grumbling—but attempting no action—when the slaves, against his wishes, chose husbands or wives on other plantations; and by feeling aggrieved that they failed to assign themselves appropriate tasks when he had given them no instructions. Historians sometimes speak in shorthand of "slave sources" and "masters' sources" (or, less coherently, of "black" sources and "white" sources); but really there is no such division. Documents concerning masters or slaves evoke their opposite numbers as naturally as the words "master" and "slave" themselves do. It is true that we can never claim full knowledge of what the slaves thought; but the same goes for the owners. What the one withholds by silence the other may withhold through talk. Telling their story, therefore, imposes two requirements: first, familiarity with the full range of sources; and second, a novelist's talent for reading and writing between the lines. Rosengarten is weak in the first, but he meets the second with enough flair to refute his own assertion that the sources do not permit access to the slaves.

The editing of Chaplin's journal gives some cause for disquiet. It is easy, but usually pointless, to second-guess an editor's decisions about how to treat the original text. Every procedure, once adopted, sets in relief the advantages of procedures rejected. Thus, while some readers will regret that Rosengarten and Walker have chosen a more interventionist method than is now usual, most of their interventions can be defended. One, however, cannot. They have chosen not to indicate their own deletions by ellipses, on the grounds that they "would slow down the reading and counteract the narrative thrust of the book." It is doubtful that ellipses would slow down the reading nearly as much as their aggressive annotation, which sometimes overwhelms the text. It is certain, on the other hand, that the decision gravely compromises the value of the journal as a primary source for researchers. Since their version gives no warning of where material has been left out, anyone wishing to use the journal as primary evidence will have to consult the original in Charleston.

The weaknesses of this biography and journal should encourage careful and reflective reading, but they will not prevent full enjoyment by both general and specialist audiences. Theodore Rosengarten and Susan Walker have done a remarkable job. □

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Unfinished Business

RICHARD ELMAN

RITES: A Guatemalan Boyhood. *By Victor Perera. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 194 pp. $15.95.*

Victor Perera's memoir of his initiation as a Jew in Guatemala begins with a barbaric rite. Circumcised a second time at age 6 to correct what had been inflicted in early infancy, Perera recalls the pain and his passive bewilderment, followed by the "bitter sinking knowledge that I would never again be whole." In prefacing this account of his growth to political and social awareness with the memory of such an unkind cut, Perera reminds his readers and himself that having become a journalist, novelist and ethnographer, he has left his beginnings in Guatemala's terror state many times, without ever having left them at all. So this is a book, in part, about being Jewish in an exotic and hostile environment, but it is more than that. In the Guatemala of Perera's childhood, Jewish life obtained its privileges through the enterprise of laborious shopkeeping, and remains even now only about as enlightened as the rest of the Ladino middle classes.

In recent years, Perera's visits to his remaining friends and relatives in Guatemala City, like his trips to Argentina during the anti-Semitic regime of the generals, have provoked considerable fear in his friends. He comes and goes with no protection against persecution, without false papers or spurious affiliations, and he has become an outspoken critic of Guatemalan military rule by writing with an intimate knowledge of people and atrocities, which has made him more vulnerable. In fact, when some of the more candid pieces of this memoir first appeared in small magazines here, Perera was still journeying to and from Guatemala.

Like many Jewish leftists of his background, Perera has used his sanctuary in the United States to publicize the woes of Guatemala. For a Jew like Perera who came of age when Zionism represented hopes fulfilled, it must be nightmarish to return to Guatemala and find its soldiers armed with Israeli weapons, its advisers in counterinsurgency and Indian-killing the protégés of Ariel Sharon.

Much of Perera's memoir, though, recalls a more innocent time, a fairly sheltered childhood created for him by his immigrant parents, who were born in Palestine. This is a book of personal recollection seemingly small in focus, but dealing with the intense memories of childhood, boyhood and youth, with the wounds of love and social class, with the disabling cruelties of a life wrapped, as it were, in bourgeois cotton wool. "At the age of twenty-five," Perera writes, "I had outlived my generation and survived myself as well."

Rites is finely written, rife with careful portraits and precise evocations of atmosphere. The book dramatizes family relations that are poised between intimidation and love while also laying

Richard Elman's Showdown in Tucson, *an account of the Sanctuary trial, will be published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston next spring.*

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bare the lives of those imperiled by poverty and disease. In *The Last Lords of Palenque*, Perera's earlier book of anthropological reporting and travel among Guatemala's surviving Lacondon Indians, he says that he was first moved by the fate of the Lacondons when, as a child, he saw them penned up for a fair to celebrate Guatemalan progress. The same compassion and curiosity move him in *Rites* to ask questions about the murderous rage which still afflicts the social order. Perera's own family has suffered grievous injuries and dislocations. Sitting up with bereaved relatives, as they tell of the strange death of a son and reproach him for his distance, he knows that his homecoming is emotionally as well as physically hazardous. His father is dead, his sister is mad and his mother, now senile, has returned to Israel.

Rites records pain in a loving, fine, but nonetheless painful manner. It is the unfinished business of a man who got away, but chose not to forget. Once, in Mexico City, where I attended a conference of Latin American writers with Perera, I was struck by how easily he could move from the Latin camp to his *gringo* friends. He seemed directed by a mission different from that of others in that delegation of North Americans. Whereas some of us could only hope to trade on our good intentions, Perera was engaged there by the conflicting terms of his whole life—a Jew among Guatemalans, a stranger accustomed to North America, a Central American seeking out hope. □

Inside Out

GEORGE DE STEFANO

WHERE DID OUR LOVE GO? The Rise and Fall of the Motown Sound. *By Nelson George. St. Martin's Press. 250 pp. $17.95.*

The videocassette of "Motown 25: Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow" reminds me of Ken, my college roommate in 1970. A 6-foot-6 Jewish boy from Philadelphia, Ken was an unregenerate Motown fanatic. Back then the white hippies' souls had been psychedelicized, and Motown's concise, commercial pop records were judged artistically inferior to ten-minute guitar solos and peace 'n' love doggerel. But Ken didn't care what anyone, black or white, thought about his retrograde passion. He'd put "The Way You Do the Things You Do" or "Beauty is Only Skin Deep" on the portable hi-fi and fling his oversize body about our tiny room in a startlingly accurate approximation of the Temptations' glorious steps. Nobody could tell him that Motown was corny or passé.

Although the glory of Berry Gordy Jr.'s music empire had begun to wane in the late 1960s, just a few years earlier "The Sound of Young America," as Gordy dubbed his unique amalgam of pop, gospel and rhythm and blues, was in command of the airwaves. The singles, with their distinctive blue and gray labels bearing a road map highlighting Detroit, the Motown mecca, monopolized turntables at every party. From 1963 to 1967, Motown was an indefatigable hit machine. Off its famed "production lines" rolled songs by Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, Marvin Gaye, Stevie Wonder, the Supremes, Martha and the Vandellas, the Temptations and more.

I'm certain that Ken wasn't at all surprised that there was a twenty-fifth anniversary celebration of Motown on TV. He must have felt vindicated. Will there ever be a TV special to mark a quarter-century of the San Francisco sound? And although Stax, the leading soul music label, put out many memorable records during the mid- to late 1960s, it never established a signature sound with such far-reaching appeal or set a standard for pop songwriting and production techniques. Motown's success was unique and is unlikely to be equaled by any record company today.

There is more to Motown, of course, than terrific records. There's also race and racism; "black capitalism," petit and corporate; boundless ambition; and ruined lives. In *Where Did Our Love Go?* Nelson George sets out to tell the whole story. Or as much of it as he could uncover without the cooperation of Gordy, who is notoriously allergic to journalists.

George, black music editor at *Billboard* and author of *The Michael Jack-*

George De Stefano is a freelance writer who lives in New York City.

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son Story, compiled his history of Motown largely from interviews he and other journalists conducted with people who worked for Gordy: singers, musicians, producers and songwriters, talent consultants and executives. Though the prose is sometimes flat and ungainly and the analysis evasive, *Where Did Our Love Go?* succeeds on the strength of George's dogged research and his love of the music.

Berry Gordy Jr., the grandson of a Southern planter and a black slave woman, came from a family whose devotion to the work ethic made them "big dogs" in rural Georgia. The violent enmity of white racists enraged by the family's wealth forced the Gordys to move North. In Detroit Gordy's parents became successful small entrepreneurs, but he took a while to find his niche. After unsatisfying stints as a boxer and an auto assembly-line worker, he turned to songwriting in the late 1950s. He wrote hits for a Detroit singer named Marv Johnson and for Jackie Wilson, then a leading figure in black pop.

Gordy's profits from these early successes were meager because he was at the mercy of the big companies to which he leased the records he made as an independent producer. Smokey Robinson, whose first record had been written and produced in 1958 by Gordy, convinced his friend that they needed to start a new label in order to control the marketing of their music. (Robinson became a top Motown executive, in addition to being one of its biggest hit makers.) The fledgling entrepreneur formed not only a record company but a diversified corporation also involved in music publishing and talent management.

In the beginning, "Berry's business was very much the neighborhood record company, and singers, dancers, and musicians of all kinds wandered through its front door." Within two years, the local company was inundating the national charts with hits. Motown grossed $8 million in 1965, making it the most profitable independent recording company in the country. It had six labels under its corporate aegis as well as its own distributor, putting it on equal footing with the established major companies.

Gordy's achievement was unprecedented. In earlier decades black music had been shunted onto poorly distributed "race labels" by the big corporations. The few record companies started by blacks had succumbed to the white-owned monopolies. Motown, George says, "changed black music's position in the record industry and in American culture." The key to Gordy's triumph lay in the artistic and administrative talent he hired, and, says George, in "the way he organized and motivated his personnel."

Gordy was inspired by "the examples of achievement set by his father and mother" and by "the family lore about his grandfather." To young and poor ghetto blacks, he offered himself as a symbol of the *success* that hard work and determination could bring. He was a father figure for a clan of talented offspring. "In the early days we were a family, man," says pianist and bandleader Earl Van Dyke. "There was a closeness there." Motown also capitalized on the idealism that fueled the civil rights movement. Some in the black community, says George, "naïvely" regarded Motown as "the entertainment-business equivalent" of the N.A.A.C.P.

The family atmosphere Gordy cultivated helped to insure the loyalty of his employees, but as Motown grew, Gordy became less the paterfamilias and more the remote and imperious corporate chieftain. Even in the early days, the cash flow, not kinship or black uplift, was his prime concern. From the start his business arrangements placed all the power in management's hands. Cross-collateralization of accounts meant that if an artist was signed to the company as a performer and a songwriter, the costs incurred in making his or her records would be charged against the royalties (which were below industry standards) from the artist's songwriting. There were no talent managers to object to this and other unfair (though legal) practices because Motown also managed its acts.

While the business end of Gordy's operation was exploiting the artists, the production line put out the hits. By 1965, Motown's producers, led by the team of Eddie and Brian Holland and Lamont Dozier, and the inventive house musicians, had created a distinctive sound: "Drumsticks pounded the skins on every beat, a beat accentuated by tambourine, guitar, and often vibes, while the bass rolled forward like a speeding locomotive. Guitars and pianos and organs all squeezed into a cluttered mid-range while blustery horn charts and weirdly arranged strings lingered in the background."

Against this backdrop Marvin Gaye delivered plaintive ballads and secularized gospel, the Four Tops enacted intense three-minute melodramas and Smokey Robinson sang sweetly and soulfully of love's paradoxes. Motown's biggest act, however, was a trio of young women from a Detroit housing project led by a skinny, untrained vocalist named Diana (née Diane) Ross. Gussied up and supplied with songs and production by Holland, Dozier and Holland, the Supremes became the biggest-selling female recording act ever, and rivaled the Beatles as the leading pop performers of the day. They were the embodiment of Gordy's crossover dreams, his "weapon of subversion, a missile that would penetrate the worlds of show business and social acceptance to which he craved entry."

By the early 1970s Motown had relocated to Los Angeles, where Gordy pursued his dream of becoming a show business mogul. The company's foray into film production began auspiciously with Ross starring as Billie Holiday in *Lady Sings the Blues*, only to run aground with flops like *Mahogany* and *The Wiz*. Although Gordy seemed to have lost interest in music, Motown still produced good, even great records into the 1970s. The signature sound, however, was gone, along with most of the performers, producers and songwriters who had been with Gordy in the halcyon days. Today Motown is "just another record company," says George.

George argues that Gordy's ruthlessness is less significant than the music, which "speaks eloquently about the wages of Berry's efforts." He also notes admiringly that Motown represents "the ultimate myth of black capitalism." But this myth has been undercut by a monopoly in the music industry. A handful of corporations now control more than 85 percent of the market, making it unlikely that a new Motown could emerge and succeed. In his book *The Myth of Black Capitalism*, Earl Ofari argued that "black corporations could no more solve the mass employment needs of black communities than white corporations." Ofari, a socialist, sought to explode a myth he regarded as a dangerous illusion. Nelson George deplores monopoly in the recording industry because it thwarts future Berry Gordys, but he doesn't question the black capitalist

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myth. Do black enterprises make any substantial contribution to the economic development of the black community? Can they do anything but enrich a few entrepreneurs while increasing numbers of blacks fall into an impoverished underclass? These are not irrelevant questions now that Louis Farrakhan, the black neoconservatives and even mainstream civil rights leaders are celebrating free enterprise and "self-help" as solutions to a worsening crisis. But Nelson George evades them in *Where Did Our Love Go?* As Marvin Gaye put it in another context, "Ain't that peculiar?" □

Writing Well

PENELOPE GILLIATT

A MAN OF LETTERS. *By V.S. Pritchett. Random House. 305 pp. $19.95.*

Edmund Wilson once sat next but one to President Kennedy at a dinner. Kennedy said that he liked the title *Patriotic Gore* and what did it mean? "Read the book," said Edmund Wilson. *A Man of Letters* implicitly makes the same riposte. It is written so particularly, refracts so exactly the books under review, that one seems to have read the books themselves. There seems, for Pritchett, no substantial difference between his pleasure in writing his short stories, his novels, his autobiographies or his criticism. In reviewing, he writes only about what he responds to. His criticism never sinks because his essays bring you back to the injunction, Read the book. How good to hear a man of his breadth doing away with the foolish clichés about English eccentricity. What Pritchett does in his writing—in this book, and in his own novels and short stories—is to reflect something about the English nature that has also been caught by the graphic artists and political cartoonists he most admires, especially Gillray and Cruikshank. He knows its intense and fervent temperament, its violent romanticism in risk and grief and love.

So we find him writing with contagious vigor about Byron's "spirited" letters; about the "rush, canto by canto, to finish *Don Juan*, as if the poem were an investment." In his splendid chapters on Fielding, Richardson, Sterne and Thomas Day it emerges that Richardson's captious Lovelace is the only real Don Juan in English fiction. Clarissa is as fascinated by the patterns of human motive as Richardson was himself. We begin to appreciate "the slow and painful discovery of a virtue which finds no exhilaration except in scruple." Richardson is described as "the least flat, the most stereoscopic novelist of an age which ran the plain or formal statement to death in the end."

What accounts for the death of early eighteenth-century style, as Pritchett catches it in that last sentence? What accounts for Cyril Connolly's fascination with failure, in which lay his vivid and poignant achievement? What accounts for the "juvenilia," in Graham Greene's words, of *Oliver Twist*? What caused the arrest in E.M. Forster's career? Or the mixture of brazenness, thwarted snobbery, wit going at farce's clip and anguished acquaintance with mortality in Evelyn Waugh? Or the feathery imaginings of Ronald Firbank? The questions are implicit, the answers are always found in comprehensions of social change, and this sagacity is the bedrock of a book whose matter extends far beyond a record of a great writer's reading. It is in social flux, in the reworking of accepted notations of manners, that Pritchett detects agents of change. His observation is exact, and always compassionate about the effect that an era has on the work of an artist caught up in it. He has a peculiar grasp of the iconology that literature and the graphic arts find to illustrate changing values. In England, the fantastic effort of the Industrial Revolution and the Great War took a great deal out of many an author. Thank the Lord for a critic who doesn't attribute such change to the end of the Raj.

In *Enemies of Promise*, Cyril Connolly speaks to much the same theme—of social change rehearsed by writers whose prescience means that the rumblings are detectable in their work before the earthquake gets going. Pritchett quotes him:

Penelope Gilliatt's short stories appear regularly in The New Yorker. *She is the author of the original screenplay* Sunday, Bloody Sunday. *Her* 22 Stories *(Dodd, Mead) will be published this fall.*

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> There was a time . . . when it was impossible to write badly. This time I think was at the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the metaphysical conceits of the one were going out and before the classical tyranny of the other was established. . . . To write naturally was a certain way of writing well.

Among the masters he considers, mindful of the crux of change, Pritchett suddenly produces Surtees, in a magnificent chapter which blithely copes with the fact that few Americans are aware of who on earth Surtees was. How like Pritchett to repair that gap: The Surtees who wrote *Mr. Sponge's Tours*, *Handley Cross*, and *Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds* was the only begetter of Jorrocks. Surtees epitomized the north of England and its gumption. Surtees was a sport, in both senses, and his character Jorrocks truly believed that the Industrial Revolution happened to make his beloved sport class-free. "His assumption is that English violence can be appeased only by the horse. . . . *Après moi* (he might have said) *le garage.*" Surtees heartily disliked linetoers, disliked the unctuous rule of servants and the hidden small envies of stableboys, the graft of auctions and the rogueries of pomp. The Victorians were shy of Surtees's directness, as Pritchett knows. They were moving away from the notion that there was a level on which Englishmen could be united. They were building the split-culture of our time. "Surtees was trying to save England on the acres of Handley Cross."

V.S. Pritchett has been collected, before this, in 1984 in *The Other Side of a Frontier: A V.S. Pritchett Reader.* "Wonderful, isn't it?" he remarked. "Makes me sound like a Greek crib." For me, of all his work, it is the short stories that shine most. One of the many reasons Pritchett so admires Chekhov's stories is that they are open-ended. V.S.P. says of his own stories that it isn't in his nature to leave things hanging, as he wants to. It is indeed a terribly difficult thing for the disciplined English writer to do, since some sort of reponsible sense works against it. His stories are peculiarly dense. When he reads other people's short stories, he catches some pitch in the voice that gives him a measure of its quality. "Some sort of nervousness." The excitability is very much there in the note of this great writer's short stories: something festive and quick that moves above the stoic bass, something in the rush of the dialogue. The racing pulse is accompanied by amazing stamina. It can be felt like a sign of quality so private and particular that its only effect is that our own sense of life will be forever more animated. He loves taking risks, being more bold technically each time, turning farce on its head, writing with the past in his thought and the future always at stake. These tasks, these stakes are honored perpetually in *A Man of Letters*. V.S.P. has a lot in mind: the planet, no less, as he finds it through writing. "I try to think there's a sporting chance for the world." □

FILMS.

ANDREW KOPKIND

A Room With a View

At first glance, *A Room With a View* appears to belong in the stately home of *Masterpiece Theatre*, that middlebrow structure built of blocks of nostalgia and beams of romance to display the relics of Britain's palmiest days to American spectators. The film, the latest from the fecund factory of James Ivory (director), Ismail Merchant (producer) and Ruth Prawer Jhabvala (writer), also has the manners, the language, the clothes and the situations to place it in the category of *Chariots of Fire*, *Brideshead Revisited* and *A Passage to India*. There is a great deal of what Joan Rivers calls "fa-fa-fa": the barely intelligible argot and decorated drawl of English aristocrats meant to disguise the most awful platitudes and clichés about class and behavior. But here the disguise is imperfect and the first glance entirely misleading. The filmmakers have heard the heart of E.M. Forster's early novel as a work about social transformation, not a celebration of faded glory days, and they have lost none of the message in translating it to the screen.

Just down from Cambridge with nothing to do in the autumn of 1901, the year Queen Victoria died, Forster set out for Italy with his mother on the kind of culture tour that made British travelers a joke all over the world, until Americans topped them with loud shirts and louder talk after World War II. In Florence they stayed at a *pensione* with a Cockney landlady and a company of eccentric and mildly unpleasant Britons. Forster's mother, Lily, worried about the lad's health and his career, but mainly about his "muddle," which was usually defined as awkwardness but in fact described a deeper confusion about his identity and an alienation from the sexual conventions of bourgeois life.

Muddle of the first kind brought Forster a broken arm, which allowed his mother and a pair of English spinsters to dote upon, dress and pamper him. Muddle of the second produced oblique observations of the characters in his *pensione*, a critique of the relationship of the cerebral English to the passionate Italians and a longing for love in all the wrong places. In his thorough biography, *E.M. Forster: A Life*, P.N. Furbank records one of the young writer's haunting descriptions of unconventional Italian attachments from that visit, in the story "Via Nomentana." Two *juvenes* ("we have no word in English because in England they do not exist") are observed under a bridge:

> They were walking together in the blue dusk, and all I saw was that their age was about twenty and their shirts not the same colour. They had their arms round one another's necks, as English youths have, and were not mawkish, and when they unlocked, and sparred and charged one another, as Hooligans do, they were not Hooligans. . . . To me they are Orestes and Pylades, always young, always beautiful, always together.

Well, well; out of that felicitous muddle came *A Room With a View*, published in 1908 to considerable critical acclaim and misunderstanding. In the novel, Forster's state of mind and emotions, and some of his predicaments in Italy with Lily, were foisted upon the lovely Lucy Honeychurch, traveling in Florence with a doting but repressive cousin, Charlotte Bartlett. At the Cockney landlady's boardinghouse were the spinster sisters, a suspiciously sympathetic English clergyman, a gossipy and overbearing "lady novelist," and a father-and-son pair of tourists with socialist sensibilities and altogether too much sensitivity in matters of the heart. George Emerson, the son of the pair, like Forster, was a bit muddled, but his confusion sent him longing for Lucy rather than any *juvenes*—at least for the moment. A stolen kiss in the Tuscan afternoon symbolized the liberation that the two would find in the new world they would make, but first there was a great deal of Victorian luggage to unload in the suburban south of

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England to which Lucy retreated after the close call in the hot Italian hills.

The rest, of course, is history. The seeds of Modernism were already sprouting in Edwardian society and the ridiculous gentility of cousin Charlotte would soon seem as dated as an aspidistra in a formal parlor. Back in England, Lucy accepts the marriage proposal of the preposterous Cecil Vyse, a snobbish and self-absorbed aesthete, in a last lunge at the way it's supposed to be. But the Emersons turn up at the Honeychurch house at Windy Corner, and the old order of manners is soon shattered. Lucy throws Cecil over and runs off back to you know what hot hills with the ardent George.

Lucy was as much a "new woman" as Rebecca West (the Ibsen character, as well as, I suppose, her real-life namesake), a child of one century struggling to be an adult in the next. Forster is quite clear about his feelings for the old order. The chapter in which Lucy returns to Windy Corner is entitled "Mediaeval"; the last chapter is called "The End of the Middle Ages." A wonderfully complex and deliciously crafted novel, *A Room With a View* is also a pioneering feminist work in feeling and intent. The women, not only Lucy but Charlotte also, are made to change and grow strong with the realization of their power to challenge a repressive and restrictive society. The men, meanwhile, run true to the forms in which they are introduced.

Ivory and Co. get right to the point, but do it with a sensitivity and complexity that match Forster's considerable achievement. The author's eye is always lurking behind the director's: in Lucy's yearning to be emotionally free and her fear at the first opportunity; in George's insistence on the primacy of passion in a milieu circumscribed by reason; in the raucous and suggestive nude swim three pale Englishmen take in a pond near Windy Corner; in the way Charlotte is undone by her own gossiping. And all that with tour de force acting by Helena Bonham Carter as Lucy, Maggie Smith as Charlotte, Daniel Day Lewis as Cecil (we loved him as the punk partner in *My Beautiful Laundrette*), Julian Sands as George and Denholm Elliott as his father, the retired red journalist. Never has nonconformity been so lavishly filmed and tactfully directed. *Masterpiece Theatre* should only have such a poignant and important point of view. □

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R	E	S	P	I	T	E	■	C	U	R	A	C	A	O
E	■	I	■	O	■	D	■	I	■	O	■	E	■	V
■	■	C	O	N	C	O	R	D	B	R	I	D	G	E
S	■	■	■	■	■	G	■	E	■	■	■	■	■	R
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E	■	R	■	R	■	■	■	N	■	E	■	T	■	N
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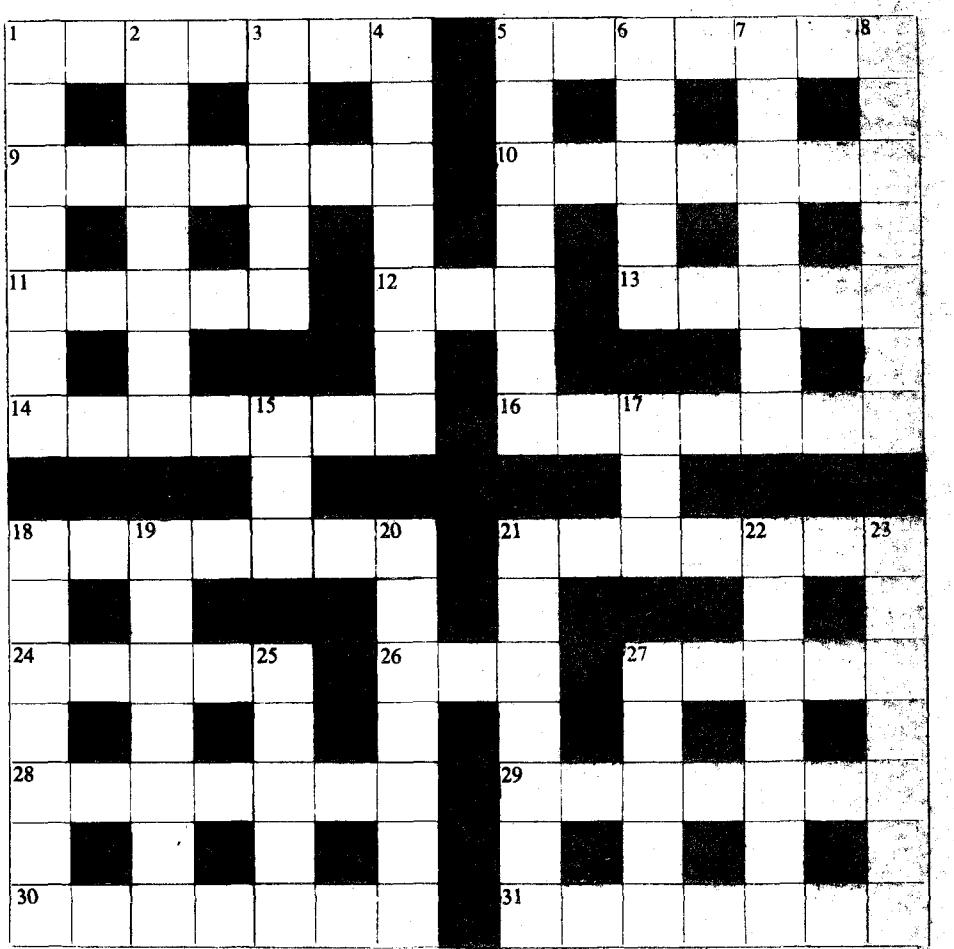
FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Be, by the sound of it, with sculptured marble, like a bush. (7)
5 When smoked, not likely to offer so much nourishment. (7)
9 Gas found more likely in the home than elsewhere. (7)
10 Protozoan form, alternately found in the arm bones by incision. (7)
11, 26 and 27 How to make a form of reel thus, and act somewhat illegally? (5,3,5)
12 and 13 They might, in forming irregulars, and make them wear these. (8)
14 Perhaps gained by pushing back through the line. (7)
16 What the bridge defender does—or what anyone does with the right approach? (5,2)
18 If preceded by 21 across, heading for such, musically speaking? (Are things finally folded with it?) (7)
21 and 24 Not a lucky draw, possibly, but it implies there are no more sailors left, as they used to say. (3,4,5)
26 and 27 See 11
28 There's nothing to the shared food supply, but a lot of talk of it! (7)
29 What A does to B? (It's a sort of room, in deep trouble!) (7)
30 The feather type didn't fly over certain fields. (7)
31 Is returning to the sort of seats taken in the afternoon by many. (7)

DOWN

1 Sounds like the city was frequently emptied in WW-II. (4,3)
2 The worker to carry an animal? (7)
3, 15 and 25 To make things plain, set them down in this—or these. (5,3,5)
4 Should the British use this as the proper verb for "lift"? (7)
5 A pretty fancy introductory reply? That's what Ulysses might have got! (7)
6 Like a diamond, one factor might be nothing to one starting out in medicine. (5)
7 In a taxicab, an association with bathhouses is obvious! (7)
8 What cats sometimes get doesn't go forward. (5,2)
15 See 3
17 One might be served in court. (3)
18 Answer the clue in prose form, going to a border state. (7)
19 One wouldn't expect them down in the hollers, as they say—but they're mighty noisy! (7)
20 Might be ten past when one takes them out! (7)
21 Greek poet responsible for the act of piano composition around it? (7)
22 One might find the hill dweller of 2 about a mile from trouble. (7)
23 Sat up, with the rest being disturbed, due to those giving a warning of poison, perhaps. (7)
25 See 3
27 One's mate might sound rough, but an old officer. (5)

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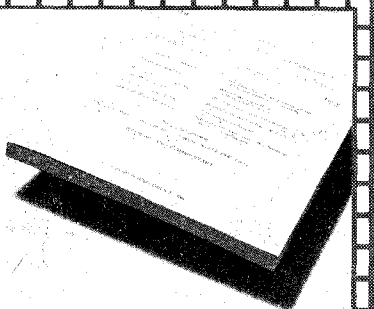

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